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THE TEST.

If thou canst stand and face the setting sun,
 And feel: *not only does my night approach,*
But his who ran through ages, and shall run
For ages after my small life is done,
 Thou art a hero if no fears encroach
 Upon thy peace and turn thy wealth
 to dust.

And if upon the ferny, fragrant ground
 Thou standest seeing his lovely face
 awake,
 Even in going, a loveliness profound
 As all the secrets that in music sound,
 And thrillst not with sorrow for his
 sake,
 Thou art a gnome whose heart is iron
 and rust.

W. H. Chesson.

The Speaker.

Upon his canvas—the joy of the
 earth!
 The joy of life when the gods were
 young
 And the world lay shimmering—
 fresh from the birth;
 A world with no shadow of future
 dearth,
 With fears undreamt of and woes
 unsung.

To the cold, wet skies, I turn once
 more
 Leaving that sun-lit scene behind:
 But the rain and the mist go lightly
 o'er
 For a gleam of gold in the gray I
 find,
 A glad voice sings in the sobbing
 wind—
 "Earth changes, but Art lives ever-
 more!"

Mary Bradford Whiting.

The Academy.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA.

Rain-wreathed Venice! A mist of gray
 Shivering wearily through the air,
 Cold drops lashing the water-way,
 Chill damps clinging to arch and
 stair;
 Wet winds wailing a low despair
 As the muffled bells ring in the day.

Out of the misery I go,
 Passing quickly the palace gate,
 Leaving the wind-swept rain below
 Like a far-forgotten, unhappy fate;
 I climb, I climb where the sunbeams
 wait
 Wrought in an everlasting glow.

Wrought by the mighty Veronese
 With brushes dipped in a flame of
 fire—
 The light of the skies, the shine of
 the seas,
 The passion of joys that can never
 tire:
 Possession—the spur of the world's
 desire,
 The pride of effort, the rapture of ease.

Joy, joy in a wealth he flung

A SUN-DIAL.

A gray old sentinel that stands to
 mark
 Time's circling, swift, inevitable feet;
 Life's day is still unfinished, incom-
 plete,
 Even when it dies into the greater
 dark.
 No sombre moments touch the stony
 face,
 The record is of dear sun-memoried
 hours,
 Which stand like rings of multi-col-
 ored flowers,
 The dial's garden in the garden space.

The soul may thus mark that diviner
 light
 And sunshine of the spirit, a dial
 rare,
 True measure of eternal years that
 bear
 No record of things sad—but only
 bright.
 God's finger for its gnomon, there
 to stay
 Till Time be merged in Heaven's
 more radiant day.

Francis Annesley.

Chambers's Journal.

CHARLES LAMB.

I.

"I reckon myself a dab at prose—verse I leave to my betters," Lamb once wrote to Wordsworth; and, in a letter to Charles Lloyd, he tells him, by way of praise, "your verses are as good and as wholesome as prose." "Those cursed Dryads and Pagan trumperies of modern verse have put me out of conceit of the very name of poetry," he has just said. At the age of twenty-one he talks of giving up the writing of poetry. "At present," he writes to Coleridge, "I have not leisure to write verses, nor anything approaching to a fondness for the exercise. . . . The music of poesy may charm for awhile the importunate teasing cares of life; but the teased and troubled man is not in a disposition to make that music." Yet, as we know, Lamb, who had begun with poetry, returned to the writing of poetry at longer or shorter intervals throughout his whole life: was this prose-writer, in whom prose partook so much of the essence of poetry, in any real or considerable sense a poet?

The name of Lamb as a poet is known to most people as the writer of one poem. "The Old Familiar Faces" is scarcely a poem at all; the metre halts, stumbles, there is no touch of magic in it; but it is speech, naked human speech, such as rarely gets through the lovely disguise of verse. It has the raw humanity of Walt Whitman, and almost hurts us by a kind of dumb helplessness in it. A really articulate poet could never have written it; here, the emotion of the poet masters him as he speaks; and you feel, with a strange thrill, that catch in his breath which he cannot help betraying. There are few such poems in literature, and no other in the work of Lamb.

For Lamb, with his perfect sincerity, his deliberate and quite natural simplicity, and with all that strange tragic material within and about him (already coming significantly into the naïve prose tale of "Rosamund Gray") was unable to work directly upon that material in the imaginative way of the poet, unable to transform its substance into a creation in the form of verse. He could write about it, touchingly sometimes, more or less tamely for the most part, in a way that seems either too downright or too deliberate. "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge," he wrote, with his unerring tact of advice, "or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus." This simplicity, which was afterwards to illuminate his prose, is seen in his verse almost too nakedly, or as if it were an end rather than a means.

Lamb's first master was Cowper, and the method of Cowper was not a method that could ever help him to be himself. But, above all, verse itself was never as much of a help to him as it was a hindrance. Requiring always, as he did, to apprehend reality indirectly, and with an elaborately prepared ceremony, he found himself in verse trying to be exactly truthful to emotions too subtle and complex for his skill. He could but set them down as if describing them, as in most of that early work in which he took himself and his poetry most seriously. What was afterwards to penetrate his prose, giving it that savor which it has, unlike any other, is absent from his almost saltless verse. There is the one

inarticulate cry, the "Old Familiar Faces," and then, for twenty years and more, only one or two wonderful literary exercises, like the mad verses called "A Conceipt of Diabolical Possession," and the more intimate fantasy of the "Farewell to Tobacco" ("a little in the way of Withers"), with one love-song, in passing, to a dead woman whom he had never spoken to.

The Elizabethan experiments, "John Woodvil," and, much later, "The Wife's Trial," intervene, and we see Lamb under a new aspect, working at poetry with real ambition. His most considerable attempt, the work of his in verse which he would most have liked to be remembered, was the play of "John Woodvil." "My tragedy," he wrote to Southey, at the time when he was finishing it, "will be a medley (as I intend it to be a medley) of laughter and tears, prose and verse, and in some places rhyme, songs, wit, pathos, humor, and, if possible, sublimity; at least, it is not a fault in my intention if it does not comprehend most of these discordant colors." It was meant, in short, to be an Elizabethan play, done, not in the form of a remote imitation, but with "a colloquial ease and spirit, something like" Shakespeare, as he says. As a play, it is the dream of a shadow. Reading it as poetry, it has a strange combination of personal quality with literary experiment: an echo, and yet so intimate; real feelings in old clothes. The subject probably meant more to Lamb than people have usually realized. I do not doubt that he wrote it with a full consciousness of its application to the tragic story which had desolated his own household, with a kind of generous casuistry, to ease a somewhat uneasy mind, and to be a sort of solace and defence for Mary. The moral of it is:

And not for one misfortune, child of chance,

No crime, but unforeseen, and sent to punish

The less offence with image of the greater,

Thereby to work the soul's humility.

And when John Woodvil, after his trial, begins "to understand what kind of creature Hope is," and bids Margaret "tell me if I over-act my mirth," is there not a remembrance of that mood which Lamb had confessed to Coleridge, just after his mother's funeral, when he says, "I was in danger of making myself too happy?" Some touch of this poignant feeling comes into the play here and there, but not vividly enough to waken it wholly out of what Southey called its "lukewarm" state. The writing has less of the Elizabethan rhetoric and more of the quaint directness, the kindly nature, the eager interest in the mind, which those great writers whom Lamb discovered for the modern world had to teach him, than any play written on similar models. I am reminded sometimes of Heywood, sometimes of Middleton; and even when I find him in his play "imitating the defects of the old writers," I cannot but confess with Hazlitt that "its beauties are his own, though in their manner." Others have written more splendidly in the Elizabethan manner, but no one has ever thought and felt so like an Elizabethan.

After one much later and slighter experiment in writing plays "for antiquity," Lamb went back to occasional writing, and the personal note returns with the "Album Verses" of 1830. Lamb's album verses are a kind of amiable task-work, done easily, he tells us, but at the same time with something painfully industrious, not only in the careful kindness of the acrostic. The man of many friends forgets that he is a man of letters, and turns amateur out of mere geniality. To realize how much he lost by writing in verse rather than in prose, we have only to

compare these careful trifles with the less cared for and infinitely more exquisite triflings of the letters. The difference is that between things made to please and things made for pleasure. In the prose he is himself, and his own master; in the verse he is never far enough away from his subject to do it or himself justice; and, tied by the metre, has rarely any fine freak or whimsical felicity such as came to him by the way in the mere turn of a sentence in prose.

More than of any poet we might say that a large part of his poems were recreations. We might indeed, but with a different meaning, say as much of Herrick. To Herrick his art was his recreation, but then his recreation was his art. He has absolute skill in the game, and plays it with easy success. Lamb seems to find playing a task, or allows himself to come but indifferently through it. His admiration for "Rose Aylmer" was not surprising, for there, in that perfectly achieved accident, was what he was for ever trying to do.

Yet, at times, the imprisoned elf within him breaks forth, and we get a bubble of grotesque rhymes, as cleverly done as Butler would have done them, and with a sad, pungent jollity of his own; or, once at least, some inspired nonsense, in parody of himself, the

Angel-duck, Angel-duck, winged and
silly,
Pouring a watering-pot over a lily;

together with, at least once, in the piece of lovely lunacy called "The Ape," a real achievement in the grotesque. His two task-masters, "Work" and "Leisure," both inspire him to more than usual freedom of fancy. And it is among the "Album Verses" that we find not only those "whitest thoughts in whitest dress," which, for the Quakeress, Lucy Barton,

best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress,

but also the solemn fancy of the lines "In My Own Album," in which a formal and antique measure is put to modern uses, and the jesting figure of "My soul, an album bright," is elaborated with serious wit in the manner of the "metaphysical" poets. And it is under the same covers, and as if done after the same pattern, that we find the most completely successful of his poems, the lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born." The subject was one which could not but awaken all his faculties, stirring in him pity, compassionate wonder, a tender whimsicalness; the thought of death and the thought of childhood being always sure to quicken his imagination to its finest utterance. There is good poetical substance, and the form, though not indeed original, is one in which he moves with as natural an air as if he were actually writing two hundred years ago. It was in this brief, packed, "matterful" way, full of pleasant surprises, that his favorite poets wrote; the metre is Wither's, with some of the woven subtleties of Marvel.

With Lamb, more than with most poets, the subject-matter of his work in verse determines its value. He needs to "load every rift with ore," not for the bettering, but for the mere existence, of a poem. In his pleasant review of his own poems he protests, in the name of Vincent Bourne, against "the vague, dreamy, wordy, *matterless* poetry of this empty age," and finds satisfaction in Bourne's Latin verses because "they fix upon *something*." For him that "something" had to be very definite, in the subject-matter of his own verse; and it was not with the mere humility of self-depreciation that he wrote to Coleridge in 1796: "Not that I relish other people's poetry less—their's comes from 'em without effort, mine

is the difficult operation of a brain scanty of ideas, made more difficult by disuse." He was a poet to whom prose was the natural language, and in verse he could not trust himself to rove freely, though he had been born a gipsy of the mind.

Even in his best work in verse Lamb has no singing voice. The poetry of those lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born" is quite genuine, and it has made for itself a form adequate to its purpose; but the verse, after all, is rather an accompaniment than a lifting; and "la lyre," it has been rightly said, "*est en quelque manière un instrument allé.*" He speaks in metre, he does not sing; but he speaks more delicately in metre than any one else not born a singer.

II.

There is something a little accidental about all Lamb's finest work. Poetry he seriously tried to write, and plays and stories; but the supreme criticism of the "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" arose out of the casual habit of setting down an opinion of an extract just copied into one's note-book, and the book itself, because, he said, "the book is such as I am glad there should be." The beginnings of his miscellaneous prose are due to the "ferreting" of Coleridge. "He ferrets me day and night," Lamb complains to Manning in 1800, "to do something. He tends me, amidst all his own worrying and heart-oppressing occupations, as a gardener tends his young tulips. . . . He has lugged me to the brink of engaging to a newspaper, and has suggested to me for a first plan the forgery of a supposed manuscript of Burton, the anatomist of melancholy"; which was done, in the consummate way we know, and led in its turn to all the rest of the prose. And Barry Cornwall tells us that "he was almost teased into writing the 'Ella' essays."

He had begun, indeed, deliberately, with a story, as personal really as the poems, but, unlike them, set too far from himself in subject and tangled with circumstances outside his knowledge. He wrote "Rosamund Gray" before he was twenty-three, and in that "lovely thing," as Shelley called it, we see most of the merits and defects of his early poetry. It is a story which is hardly a story at all, told by comment, evasion, and recurrence, by "little images, recollections, and circumstances of past pleasures" or distresses; with something vague and yet precise, like a dream partially remembered. Here and there is the creation of a mood and moment, almost like Coleridge's in the "Ancient Mariner"; but these flicker and go out. The style would be laughable in its simplicity if there were not in it some almost awing touch of innocence; some hint of that divine goodness which, in Lamb, needed the relief and savor of the later freakishness to sharpen it out of insipidity. There is already a sense of what is tragic and endearing in earthly existence, though no skill as yet in presenting it; and the moral of it is surely one of the morals or messages of "Ella": "God has built a brave world but methinks he has left his creatures to bustle in it how they may."

Lamb had no sense of narrative, or, rather, he cared in a story only for the moments when it seemed to double upon itself and turn into irony. All his attempts to write for the stage (where his dialogue might have been so telling) were foiled by his inability to "bring three together on the stage at once," as he confessed in a letter to Mrs. Shelley; "they are so shy with me, that I can get no more than two; and there they stand till it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them." Narrative he could manage only when it was prepared for him by another, as in the "Tales from Shakespeare" and

"The Wanderings of Ulysses." Even in "Mrs. Leicester's School," where he came nearest to success in a plain narrative, the three stories, as stories, have less than the almost perfect art of the best of Mary Lamb's: of "The Father's Wedding-Day," which Landor, with wholly pardonable exaggeration, called "with the sole exception of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern." There is something of an incomparable kind of story-telling in most of the best essays of "Elia," but it is a kind which he had to find out by accident and experiment, for himself; and chiefly through letter-writing. "Us dramatic geniuses," he speaks of, in a letter to Manning against the taking of all words in a literal sense; and it was this wry dramatic genius in him that was, after all, the quintessential part of himself. "Truth," he says in this letter, "is one and poor, like the cruse of Elijah's widow. Imagination is the bold face that multiplies its oil: and thou, the old cracked pipkin, that could not believe it could be put to such purposes." It was to his correspondents, indeed to the incitement of their wakeful friendship, that he owes more perhaps than the mere materials of his miracles.

To be wholly himself, Lamb had to hide himself under some disguise, a name, "Elia," taken literally as a pen name, or some more roundabout borrowing, as of an old fierce critic's, Joseph Ritson's, to heighten and soften the energy of marginal annotations on a pedant scholar. In the letter in which he announces the first essays of "Elia," he writes to Barron Field: "You shall soon have a tissue of truth and fiction; impossible to be extricated, the interleavings shall be so delicate, the partitions perfectly invisible." The correspondents were already accustomed to this "heavenly mingle." Few

of the letters, those works of nature, and almost more wonderful than works of art, are to be taken on oath. Those elaborate lies, which ramify through them into patterns of sober-seeming truth, are an anticipation, and were of the nature of a preliminary practice for the innocent and avowed fiction of the essays. What began in mischief ends in art.

III.

"I am out of the world of readers," Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "I hate all that do read, for they read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up into the old things." "I am jealous for the actors who pleased my youth," he says elsewhere. And again: "For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiment of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance compared to the colors which imagination gave to everything then." In Lamb this love of old things, this willing recurrence to childhood, was the form in which imagination came to him. He is the grown-up child of letters, and he preserves all through his life that child's attitude of wonder, before "this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings." He loves the old, the accustomed, the things that people have had about them since they could remember. "I am in love," he says in the most profoundly serious of his essays, "with this green earth; the face of town and country; and the sweet security of streets." He was a man to whom mere living had zest enough to make up for everything that was contrary in the world. His life was tragic, but not unhappy. Happiness came to him out of the little things that meant nothing to others, or

were not so much as seen by them. He had a genius for living, and his genius for writing was only a part of it; the part which he left to others to remember him by.

Lamb's religion, says Pater, was "the religion of men of letters, religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century"; and Hood says of him: "As he was in spirit an Old Author, so was he in faith an Ancient Christian." He himself tells Coleridge that he has "a taste for religion rather than a strong religious habit," and, later in life, writes to a friend: "Much of my seriousness has gone off." On this, as on other subjects, he grew shyer, withdrew more into himself; but to me it seems that a mood of religion was permanent with him. "Such religion as I have," he said, "has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process"; and we find him preferring churches when they are empty, as many really religious people have done. To Lamb religion was a part of human feeling, or a kindly shadow over it. He would have thrust his way into no mysteries. And it was not lightly, or with anything but a strange-complexioned kind of gratitude, that he asked: "Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?"

It was what I call Lamb's religion that helped him to enjoy life so humbly, heartily, and delicately, and to give to others the sensation of all that is most enjoyable in the things about us. It may be said of him, as he says of the fox in the fable: "He was an adept in that species of moral alchemy, which turns everything into gold."

And this moral alchemy of his was no reasoned and arguable optimism, but a "spirit of youth in everything," an irrational, casuistical, "matter-of-lie" persistence in the face of all logic, experience and sober judgment; an upsetting of truth grown tedious and custom gone stale. And for a truth of the letter it substituted a new, valiant truth of the spirit; for dead things, living ideas; and gave birth to the most religious sentiment of which man is capable: grateful joy.

Among the innumerable objects and occasions of joy which Lamb found laid out before him, at the world's feast, books were certainly one of the most precious, and after books came pictures. "What any man can write, surely I may read!" he says to Wordsworth, of Caryl on Job, six folios. "I like books about books," he confesses, the test of the book-lover. "I love," he says, "to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me." He was the finest of all readers, far more instant than Coleridge; not to be taken unawares by a Blake ("I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age," he says of him, on but a slight and partial acquaintance), or by Wordsworth when the "Lyrical Ballads" are confusing all judgments, and he can pick out at sight "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways" as "the best piece in it," and can define precisely the defect of much of the book, in one of those incomparable letters of escape, to Manning: "It is full of original thought, but it does not often make you laugh or cry. It too artfully aims at simplicity of expression." I choose these instances because the final test of a critic is in his reception of contemporary work; and Lamb must have found it much easier to be right, before every one else, about Webster, and Ford, and Cyril Tourneur, than to

be the accurate critic that he was of Coleridge, at the very time when he was under the "whiff and wind" of Coleridge's influence. And in writing of pictures, though his knowledge is not so great nor his instinct so wholly "according to knowledge," he can write as no one has ever written in praise of Titian (so that his very finest sentence describes a picture of Titian) and can instantly detect and minutely expose the swollen contemporary delusion of a would-be Michael Angelo, the portentous Martin.

Then there were the theatres, which Lamb loved next to books. There has been no criticism of acting in English like Lamb's, so fundamental, so intimate and elucidating. His style becomes quintessential when he speaks of the stage, as in that tiny masterpiece, "On the Acting of Munden," which ends the book of "Elia," with its great close, the Beethoven soft wondering close, after all the surges: "He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him." He is equally certain of Shakespeare, of Congreve, and of Miss Kelly. When he defines the actors, his pen seems to be plucked by the very wires that work the puppets. And it is not merely because he was in love with Miss Kelly that he can write of her acting like this, in words that might apply with something of truth to himself. He has been saying of Mrs. Jordan, that "she seemed one whom care could not come near; a privileged being, sent to teach mankind what it most wants, joyousness." Then he goes on: "This latter lady's is the joy of a freed spirit, escaping from care, as a bird that had been limed: her smiles, if I may use the expression, seemed saved out of the fire, relics which a good and innocent heart had snatched up as most portable; her contents are vis-

itors, not inmates: she can lay them by altogether; and when she does so, I am not sure that she is not greatest." Is not this, with all its precise good sense, the rarest poetry of prose, a poetry made up of no poetical epithets, no fanciful similes, but "of imagination all compact," poetry in substance?

Then there was London. In Lamb London found its one poet. "The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said)," he admitted, "is but as a house to live in"; and, "separate from the pleasure of your company," he assured Wordsworth, "I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the very women of the town, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomime, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." There, surely, is the poem of London, and it has almost more than the rapture, in its lover's catalogue, of Walt Whitman's poems of America. Almost to the end, he could say (as he does again to Wordsworth, not long before his death), "Lon-

don streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, though of the latter not one known one were remaining." He traces the changes in streets, their distress or disappearance, as he traces the dwindling of his friends, "the very streets, he says," writes Mary, "altering every day." London was to him the new, better Eden. "A garden was the primitive prison till man with Promethean felicity and boldness sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, play-houses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and thither side of innocence." To love London so was part of his human love, and in his praise of streets he has done as much for the creation and perpetuating of joy as Wordsworth ("by whose system," Mary Lamb conjectured, "it was doubtful whether a liver in towns had a soul to be saved") has done by his praise of flowers and hills.

And yet, for all his "disparagement of heath and highlands," as he confessed to Scott, Lamb was as instant and unerring in his appreciation of natural things, once brought before them, as he was in his appreciation of the things of art and the mind and man's making. He was a great walker, and sighs once, before his release from the desk: "I wish I were a caravan driver or a penny post man, to earn my bread in air and sunshine." We have seen what he wrote to Wordsworth about his mountains, before he had seen them. This is what he writes of them to Manning, after he has seen them: "Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. . . . In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before." And to Coleridge he writes: "I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the last day I live. They

haunt me perpetually." All this Lamb saw and felt, because no beautiful thing could ever appeal to him in vain. But he wrote of it only in his letters, which were all of himself; because he put into his published writings only the best or the rarest or the accustomed and familiar part of himself, the part which he knew by heart.

IV.

Beyond any writer pre-eminent for charm, Lamb had salt and sting. There is hardly a known grace or energy of prose which he has not somewhere exemplified; as often in his letters as in his essays; and always with something final about it. He is never more himself than when he says, briefly: "Sentiment came in with Sterne, and was a child he had by Affectation"; but then he is also never more himself than when he expands and develops, as in this rendering of the hisses which damned his play in Drury Lane:

It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give His favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely: to sing with, to drink with and to kiss with; and that they should turn them into the mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow creatures who are desirous to please them!

Or it may be a cold in the head which starts the heroic agility of his tongue, and he writes a long letter without a full stop, which is as full of substance as one of his essays. His technique is

so incredibly fine, he is such a Paganini of prose, that he can invent and reverse an idea of pyramidal wit, as in this burlesque of a singer; "The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that the time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis"; and he can condense into six words the whole life-history and the soul's essential secret of Coleridge, when he says of him, in almost the last fragment of prose that he wrote, "he had a hunger for eternity."

To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant, more dainty; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence; while it clears his brain of whatever dull fumes may have lodged there, stirs up all his senses to wary alertness, and actually quickens his vitality, like high pure air. It is, in the familiar phrase, "a liberal education"; but it is that finer education which sets free the spirit. His natural piety, in the full sense of the word, seems to me deeper and more sensitive than that of any other English writer. Kindness, in him, embraces mankind, not with the wide engulfing arms of philanthropy, but with an individual caress. He is almost the sufficient type of virtue, so far as virtue can ever be loved; for there is not a weakness in him which is not the bastard of some good quality, and not an error which had an unsocial origin. His jests add a new reverence to lovely and noble things, or light up an unsuspected "soul of goodness in things evil."

No man ever so loved his friends, or was so honest with them, or made such a religion of friendship. His character of Hazlitt in the "Letter to Southey" is

the finest piece of emotional prose which he ever wrote, and his pen is inspired whenever he speaks of Coleridge. "Good people, as they are called," he writes to Wordsworth, "won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points and want so many answering needles." He counts over his friends in public, like a child counting over his toys, when some one has offered an insult to one of them. He has delicacies and devotions towards his friends, so subtle and so noble that they make every man his friend. And, that love may deepen into awe, there is the tragic bond, that protecting love for his sister which was made up of so many strange components: pity for madness, sympathy with what came so close to him in it, as well as mental comradeship, and that paradox of his position, by which he supports that by which he is supported.

It is, then, this "human, too human" creature, who comes so close to our hearts, whom we love and reverence, who is also, and above all, or at least in the last result, that great artist in prose, faultless in tact, flawless in technique, that great man of letters, to whom every lover of "prose as a fine art" looks up with an admiration which may well become despair. What is it in this style, this way of putting things, so occasional, so variegated, so like his own harlequin in his "ghastly vest of white patchwork," "the apparition of a dead rainbow"; what is it that gives to a style, which no man can analyze, its "terseness, its jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter?" Those are his own words, not used of himself; but do they not do something to define what can, after all, never be explained?

V.

Lamb's defects were his qualities, and nature drove them inward,

concentrating, fortifying, intensifying them; to a not wholly normal or healthy brain, freakish and without consecution, adding a stammering tongue which could not speak evenly, and had to do its share, as the brain did, "by fits." "You," we find Lamb writing to Godwin,

cannot conceive of the desultory and uncertain way in which I (an author by fits) sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. . . . Ten thousand times I have confessed to you, talking of my talents, my utter inability to remember in any comprehensive way what I have read. I can vehemently applaud, or perversely stickle, at parts; but I cannot grasp at a whole. This infirmity (which is nothing to brag of) may be seen in my two little compositions, the tale and my play, in both which no reader however partial, can find any story.

"My brain," he says, in a letter to Wordsworth, "is desultory, and snatches off hints from things." And, in a wise critical letter to Southey, he says, summing up himself in a single phrase: "I never judge system-wise of things, but fasten upon particulars."

Is he, in these phrases that are meant to seem so humble, really apologizing for what was the essential quality of his genius? Montaigne, who (it is Lamb that says it) "anticipated all the discoveries of succeeding essayists," affected no humility in the statement of almost exactly the same mental complexion. "I take the first argument that fortune offers me," he tells us; "they are all equally good for me; I never design to treat them in their totality, for I never see the whole of anything, nor do those see it who promise to show it to me. . . . In general I love to seize things by some unwonted lustre." There, in the two greatest of the essayists, one sees precisely what goes to the making of the essayist. First, a beautiful disorder: the simul-

taneous attack and appeal of contraries, a converging multitude of dreams, memories, thoughts, sensations, without mental preference, or conscious guiding of the judgment; and then, order in disorder, a harmony more properly musical than logical, a separating and return of many elements, which end by making a pattern. Take that essay of "Elia" called "Old China," and, when you have recovered from its charm, analyze it. You will see that, in its apparent lawlessness and wandering like idle memories, it is constructed with the minute care, and almost with the actual harmony, of poetry; and that vague, interrupting, irrelevant, lovely last sentence, is like the refrain which returns at the end of a poem.

Lamb was a mental gipsy, to whom books were roads open to adventures; he saw skies in books, and books in skies, and in every orderly section of social life magic possibilities of vagrancy. But he was also a Cockney, a lover of limit, civic tradition, the uniform of all ritual. He liked exceptions, because, in every other instance, he would approve of the rule. He broke bounds with exquisite decorum. There was in all his excesses something of "the good clerk."

Lamb seemed to his contemporaries notably eccentric, but he was nearer than them all to the centre. His illuminating rays shot out from the very heart of light, and returned thither after the circuit. Where Coleridge lost himself in clouds or in quicksands, Lamb took the nearest short-cut, and, having reached the goal, went no step beyond it.

And he was a bee for honey, not, like Coleridge, a browsing ox. To him the essence of delight was choice; and choice, with him, was readier when the prize was far-fetched and dear bought: rarity of manners, books, pictures, or whatever was human or touched hu-

manity. "Opinion," he said, "is a species of property; and though I am always desirous to share with my friends to a certain extent, I shall ever like to keep some tenets and some property properly my own." And then he found, in rarity, one of the qualities of the best; and was never, like most others, content with the good, or in any danger of confusing it with the best. He was the only man of that great age, which had Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Shelley, and the rest, whose taste was flawless. All the others, who seemed to be marching so straight to so determined a goal, went astray at one time or another; only Lamb, who was always wandering, never lost sense of direction, or failed to know how far he had strayed from the road.

The quality which came to him from that germ of madness which lay hidden in his nature had no influence upon his central sanity. It gave him the tragic

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pathos and mortal beauty of his wit, its dangerous nearness to the heart, its quick sense of tears, its at times desperate gaiety; and, also, a hard, indifferent levity, which, to brother and sister alike, was a rampart against obsession, or a stealthy way of temporizing with the enemy. That tinge is what gives its strange glitter to his fooling; madness playing safely and lambently around the stoutest common sense. In him reason always justifies itself by unreason, and if you consider well his quips and cranks you will find them always the play of the intellect. I know one who read the essays of "Elia" with intense delight, and was astonished when I asked her if she had been amused. She had seen so well through the fun to its deep inner meaning that the fun had not detained her. She had found in all of it nothing but a pure intellectual reason, beyond logic, where reason is one with intuition.

Arthur Symonds.

THE DUKE PAYS.

BY W. E. CULE, Author of *Prince Adrian of Zell*,* &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE GRAND DUKE AND MR. INCHEAPE.

On an evening in August, Mr. Julius Inchcape, a retired City gentleman residing at Herne Hill, drove up to the entrance arch at St. Pancras in a hansom. Refusing the services of a porter, he received his modest travelling-bag, paid the driver, and took a first-class ticket for Whitechapel. Then he walked briskly to platform No. 3, under the impression that his movements during the next twenty-four hours were clearly mapped out before him.

But even the most curious experiences in life have a way of coming upon us without warning or presenti-

ment, and Mr. Inchcape's adventures began almost immediately. The eight-thirteen was at the platform, and he had only comfortable time to select a compartment. With the perversity common to so many travellers, he did not take the first that offered itself, but walked on to the next, and paused at the open door to glance within. Observing that it was already occupied by two gentlemen, he was just about to pass on when a raucous voice spoke out:

"You can't come here. This is reserved!"

Mr. Inchcape was astonished, not so

* The Living Age Jan. 31, 1865.

much by the words as by the shrill rudeness and violence of the tone. The speaker was an old man sitting in the farther corner of the compartment—an old man somewhat large in build and with a heavy white moustache. The other passenger sat within arm's-length of the door, and was much younger.

"Do you hear—you?" cried the angry voice again. "This carriage is reserved! You can't come in! You can't come in! It is reserved!"

More than ever amazed and indignant, Mr. Inchcape glanced at the younger man for an explanation. Under the circumstances, he took it for granted that the two were travelling in company. The person thus mutely appealed to, however, took no trouble to explain his companion's incivility. Instead, he gazed straight over Mr. Inchcape's head with that insultingly unconscious stare which sometimes seems to be one of the most valued accomplishments of gentility.

Then, naturally, Mr. Inchcape broke out. "I did not intend to come in here, sir," he cried, addressing the heavy white moustache. "And you are not a gentleman, sir! And you have a vile temper, sir!" And having thus delivered himself and created a distinct sensation in the vicinity, he walked back stormily to the compartment he had previously rejected.

It was empty, and he could express his feelings without hindrance. "Confound him!" he said aloud. "Confound him! Some foreign boor, by his accent. Confound him!" And he closed the door with a decisive crash.

Scarcely had he done this when one of the railway officials came hurrying down the platform bearing what seemed to be a slip of paper. He stopped suddenly when he saw Mr. Inchcape's rosy and indignant countenance, hesitated for a moment, and then hastily pasted the slip upon the window-pane. It was quite a large slip,

and it bore in bold characters the legend "Reserved."

"Well, upon my word!" muttered Mr. Inchcape, as the train moved slowly away. He saw the official step back with a look which was almost apologetic, and in a moment more had lost sight of him altogether. "Well, upon my word! If I'm not mistaken, this label was intended for that other compartment—the one with the Boor in it. It serves him right!"

He began to smile at the mistake, wondered how it had come about, and proceeded to contemplate it with considerable enjoyment. Indeed, this unexpected incident quite restored the equanimity of the very genial and good-natured old gentleman, and in a few minutes he settled himself smilingly into his corner, took up his selection of newspapers, and began to divide his attention between them and the pleasant prospects of his journey.

In one of those limited gardens which are the rule at Herne Hill, Mr. Inchcape cultivated roses. He did not cultivate them, as some of his neighbors did, to flaunt them in the faces of his fellow-men, but with a genuine love of flowers, which had grown year by year since he had retired from business. Occasionally this hobby led him to make excursions abroad, and at this moment he was on his way to Winchester to attend a great Horticultural Exhibition which was to be opened there to-morrow by a representative of Royalty. He intended to spend a good day among the flowers, and was going down this evening so that he might be on the ground as early as possible, fresh for the day's programme.

With what may be called a pleasing sub-consciousness of these careful arrangements, Mr. Inchcape read his papers and spent his leisure harmlessly and perhaps profitably until Padgworth was reached. By this time it was dark, but the label on Mr. Inchcape's win-

dow was prominent enough to the people on the platform. He was amused by the attention it brought him, and wondered what the Boor would say if he observed it.

Scarcely had the question occurred to him when he saw that the Boor himself was on the spot. He was standing a few paces from the door, with his travelling companion at his side: the one a heavy old man of rather more than Mr. Inchcape's six-and-sixty years, with a sour, unpleasant face that matched his voice; and the other a distinctly military figure in tweeds, tall, blonde, cold-eyed, and self-possessed. They were both looking closely at Mr. Inchcape, and apparently discussing him.

He was on the alert at once, expecting nothing less than another sharp encounter with that vile temper. But it did not come, for in another moment the two had turned away, and their place was taken by a bearded and uniformed servant of the company. Mr. Inchcape took him to be the station-master.

To our traveller's surprise, this person at once opened the door and began to speak. The clatter of a luggage-trolley drowned his first words, but apparently he was anxious to supply refreshments.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Mr. Inchcape. "I need nothing."

"Shall I get books or papers from the stall?" queried the man, with evident nervousness.

His amazement increasing, Mr. Inchcape still refused. "I am well supplied," he declared. "I want nothing, thank you."

The man closed the door in silence. There was quite a little crowd behind him, but it was kept back by an officious policeman. "It's the 'Reserved' that does it," muttered Mr. Inchcape. "I wonder what they take me for."

He was still wondering when the

train began to move; but at the last moment a man came hastily up, said something to the stationmaster in a low tone, opened the door, and took the seat exactly facing Mr. Inchcape himself. And this was no other than the tall person of military appearance who had been standing upon the platform with the Boor.

As he sat down he closed the door gently. After one glance Mr. Inchcape raised his paper, but almost immediately lowered it again to take another glance. It occurred to him that the stranger might have come, rather late, to apologize for the recent unpleasantness. Certainly the man's supercilious face had assumed an almost agreeable expression. Moreover, he plainly meant to speak.

"Good-evening, sir," he said suddenly.

"Good-evening," answered Mr. Inchcape, with proper reserve.

A pause. Then:

"May I ask," proceeded the stranger, with much civility, "whether you are going to *Whichester*?"

"I am, sir," was the plain but surprised reply.

"To be present at the Exhibition to-morrow?"

"Precisely."

The stranger looked relieved—yes, that was distinctly a look of relief. Mr. Inchcape waited, half-suspiciously. Now that he had put on the front of a gentleman, this visitor's manner was almost ingratiating. But the change was so sudden and so apparently causeless!

The next question came at once. "May I also ask—pardon my curiosity, but I will explain in a moment—may I also ask whether you know *Whichester* well?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Inchcape. "In fact, I have never stopped there before. I live in London."

"I hoped that such might be the case," said the questioner very can-

didly, and with evident satisfaction. "That is to say, I—I imagined it. And now, sir, you will permit me to explain myself. You are probably aware that this Exhibition was to have been opened to-morrow by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Munden, who is now on a visit to this country, and who is a distant connection of His Majesty the King?"

"I was certainly under that impression," said Mr. Inchcape.

"Quite so. Well, sir, the old gentleman with whom I was travelling, and whom you spoke to at St. Pancras, was himself the Grand Duke. And I—if you will forgive the irregularity of the introduction—I am equerry in attendance upon His Highness. My name is Armytage—Captain Lucas Armytage."

Mr. Inchcape's surprise was considerable, but he did not entertain a moment's doubt as to the truth of the story. It seemed to him, indeed, that some matters were now explained—that "Reserved" label for one thing, as well as the Boor's accent and the extreme solicitude of the Padgworth stationmaster. So he politely acknowledged the introduction, and the equerry proceeded.

His tone was gradually becoming more intimate and confidential. Leaning forward as he spoke, he showed very clearly to Mr. Inchcape's quietly observant eyes the man of forty-five, groomed so well that he might almost pass for thirty but for the fine lines in the skin and the thinning of the hair. His cold, light-blue eyes were the kind that Mr. Inchcape did not care for.

"Possibly, sir," he said, "you have heard something of the Grand Duke's characteristics and reputation? You have heard, perhaps, that he is of a very eccentric disposition, and that his temper is—is not at all an equable one? Indeed, you observed this yourself at St. Pancras."

Mr. Inchcape assented. He had

heard a great deal more than that about the Grand Duke, and had wondered why the Exhibition Committee had resolved to have him down. Probably there was no other Royalty available at the time. In any case, the thought of His Serene Highness was almost a blight upon roses. Seeing that he was understood, the equerry continued:

"I think I may say, sir, that any rumors you may have heard have more than a foundation of truth. His Highness is old, and age has perhaps somewhat emphasized the singularities of his disposition. It was some freak of the moment that induced him to undertake this function to-morrow, and he was allowed to go because there was no one else who could. And it is this that brings me to the present situation. We were going down to Winchester to-night in readiness for to-morrow; but, quite unknown to me, His Highness had suddenly and unreasonably decided—yesterday, I suppose—that he would not carry out his engagement."

"He had?" exclaimed Mr. Inchcape.

"He had. More than that, he had made other arrangements. At Padgworth lives Sir Robert Calcraft, one time British Agent at Saxe-Munden, and practically the Duke's only intimate acquaintance in England. Yesterday, it seems, he wrote to Sir Robert, telling him that he was coming down for a visit, and asking him to meet this train. Keeping his own counsel to the last, he said nothing to me until we were within ten minutes of the place; and in the result he went home with Sir Robert, and left me to deal with the situation as best I might. He was absolutely resolved, and of course no purpose could be served by a scene upon the platform."

The calmness of the recital was no guide to the equerry's feelings in the matter. His voice was smooth and level; but his smile was a hard one,

and his eyes were harder. Mr. Inchcape could not blame him.

"Well, upon my word," he declared for the third time that evening, "it seems to me that your office is not without its trials!"

The equerry agreed. "It is not," he said. "I see that you appreciate the situation. At Whichester this train will be met by the Mayor and members of the Corporation to welcome the Grand Duke as His Majesty's representative. And they will find——"

"No Grand Duke!" said Mr. Inchcape.

"Er—yes. That is the position, so far."

Then there was a long pause. The equerry was now regarding Mr. Inchcape with a look which puzzled that gentleman greatly—a look in which doubt, hope, and deprecation were curiously mingled. Suddenly, with an effort, he broke the silence.

"Did you notice," he asked, "that there was a certain personal resemblance—physical resemblance, I should say—between the Grand Duke and yourself?"

"Eh?" cried Mr. Inchcape. "Dear me, no! I hadn't noticed it. And yet, now that you mention it——"

Yes, now that the equerry had mentioned it, he realized that such a resemblance certainly did exist. The Duke was of much the same build as himself, and there could not be much difference between them in point of age. The effects produced in the Duke's countenance by an unrestrained temper and high living were simulated in his own case by the glow of good humor and good health. And then there was the heavy white moustache above the clean-shaven chin—a distinguishing feature in each of them. The hair, the eyes, the expression—well, all these could be very different without altering the general resemblance.

"I assure you that such is the case," said the equerry, with a certain ear-

nestness. "And this brings me to the reason of my intrusion upon you. Not only did the railway official at St. Pancras mistake you for the Grand Duke—as you saw that he did—but His Highness himself observed the likeness. This gave him an idea which I must say was quite to his taste; and when I tried to reason with him he threw it into my face with a remarkable *reliah*. 'If they want a Grand Duke,' he said, 'take them that—er—gentleman—in the next carriage. I'm sure he's going to the town.' And when the train stopped at Padgworth he brought me up to this compartment to point out the likeness. 'There you are,' he said; 'a duke ready to your hand! He might have been made for the occasion. Get him to go, and make the best of it. I give you both *carte blanche*.'"

"The deuce he did!" ejaculated Mr. Inchcape in mingled amazement and amusement. "And what did you say to that?"

Captain Armytage smiled ruefully. "I had said my all long before that," he declared. "And it was useless. This jest—let us call it a jest—was quite after the Duke's own heart, and it was the only answer he would give me. He would not budge. In another moment he had gone with Sir Robert Calcraft, who was, I may say, as much disturbed as myself, and equally helpless. You see, Mr.—Inchcape—thank you—you see, Grand Dukes are not accustomed to be reasoned with. When they had gone, I—I came to you."

Mr. Inchcape had no difficulty in remembering the fact. Nodding absently, he weighed the Grand Duke's conduct in the scales of common-sense, and saw that it indicated an eccentricity which might well be termed irresponsibility, but spiced with a species of sardonic humor which somehow almost redeemed it, and turned an outrage into a practical joke. Then he glanced again at the equerry, and saw

that the Duke must have found great enjoyment in this splendid officer's dilemma.

Not only may a man be within reach of a curious experience without feeling any presentiment of it, but he may stare a situation straight in the face and hear it stated plainly in words without perceiving its significance as regards himself. So Mr. Inchcape looked at the captain; and the captain,

wondering at his slowness, was forced to explain still further, concealing his impatience with much success.

"Yes, I came to you. There was only one thing I could do. I could make the proposal to you and get your answer."

"The proposal?" echoed Mr. Inchcape blankly.

"Yes, sir"; and then the equerry leaned forward again and made it.

(To be continued.)

AUTHORITY AND THEOLOGY.*

I. There is no question so deep and urgent at this moment as that regarding the seat of Authority and its nature. Man is not man by his power rightly to reason, so much as by his destiny duly to obey. The question is grave enough at any time, but with the bond of control so relaxed as to-day it is; with the traditional creeds and sanctities so shaken; with the public mind so hungry and yet so poor, so interested and yet so distracted upon final problems; with the rising generation tutored in independence till, in an evil sense, the child is father of the man; and with the rising classes so ignorant of responsibility, affairs, history, or human nature—it is a question more urgent than ever. Criticism has established its right: is Christianity left with any positive authority? And the inquiry is all the more urgent the less it is felt to press amid the multitude of problems, passing and passionate, which fills an outworn age trying to narcotize with mere energies its moral fatigue.

The question will not bear to be lightly handled. It is deeply implicated in the nature of human progress;

* Many suggestions in the first part of this article I owe to Dr. Kaftan of Berlin.

and the law of progress is that from the great deep to the great deep it goes. Only quackery assures us that, as we move onward, the answers to the great questions grow more simple, and that the litterateur is now, by the spirit of the age, in a better position to deal with the old enigmas than the philosopher or the historian. Simplicity is not the test of truth. It is not the badge of progress. The simple solutions are the most suspicious. There is much preaching of simplicity which is no more than a sop to spiritual indolence. The immediate affections are indeed always divinely simple. But to transfer these affections to the object of worship and the ground of existence, either without more ado or on the word of some saintly soul; to say that it is one of life's first and clearest simplicities to think of the ultimate reality as Father, and trust Him as sons, is to trifle with the subject and with the heart. It is no sign of real progress to settle to-day by the prompt intuition of a genial but impatient heart questions which have taxed on a time the greatest intelligences of religion and of the race. The doves have indeed got into the eagle's nest when pulpit poets, with more

taste for abstractions than faculty for reality, can blandly close questions which Jonathan Edwards had much ado to stir.

It is in the region of theology that this greatest of questions must be fought out. It is there that all such questions must be decided, if they are admitted to be real questions at all. And in the region of Protestant theology this must be admitted. For the question is hardly real, it is but leisurely and academic, in a Church whose decision has been, ever since Duns Scotus, an ecclesiastical positivity in default of a rational or evangelical base.

But it will be said, on the other hand, that even in Protestantism the question can hardly be real, because in Protestant theology there can be no real authority since the collapse of Scriptural infallibility. Any authority that may be set up is so inward and so subjective that it quickly becomes individualist, modish, and decadent. And thus (it is said) theology here becomes no science of reality, but merely a science of religious phenomenology. It may discuss the idea of God on the lines of psychology and history, but it has nothing final to say on the reality of God or Gospel. We may explore and admire the consciousness of Christ so far, but we are in no position to say anything authoritative about His Gospel. We may own the extraordinary spiritual influence of His person, but we cannot dogmatize about His work. The only thing approaching finality in Christianity is the Spirit of Christ. And "the Spirit is the emanation of His consciousness" (Sabatier). Under that influence we find rest. But is it more than rest? Is it not but a mood, a lenitive for life? Is it reality? Is it life itself?

In this brief article it can be little more than stated, in reply to such remarks, that for Protestant theology

the authority is not so much the historic, or the ideal, or the spiritual Christ as the moral, holy, historic Gospel of the grace of God in and through Him and His Cross. It is not Christ as ideal, or as spiritually infectious, but Christ as Redeemer.

II. Protestant theology is founded upon authority as much as Catholic. It starts from something given. It is not the discovery of new truth so much as the unfolding of old grace. Christian truth is as unchangeable in its being as it is flexible in its action. Surely Christian truth is something fixed. It is not just what every man throweth. Individualism there is mental anarchy. There must be authority. And by authority is meant something outside our personal opinion, will, vision, inclination, or taste. It is something which takes a place we never give. It imposes itself on us. It comes with power. It compels submission and obedience as the condition of weal, order, and progress. One form of it is essential to family life, another to civic life. Another is the source of all salvation. It is so in our personal religion. Everything there turns on the obedience of faith to faith's authority. Is our theology, then, to have a different foundation from our faith? Is faith submission to a positive God, but theology submission to nothing?—Is it mere opinion? What scepticism, what a fatal schism in our soul and creed that would be! Again, a Church must have an authority of some kind (if it be as low as the authority of a majority). But if theology own no authority, the two fall hopelessly apart, just as they would if theology had an authority but the Church had none.

"But," it will be persisted, "if theology have an authority it can never be a science. For science is absolutely free, and with an authority that is in contradiction: A free science owns no

authority." Except, of course, the authority of the facts it founds on; to say nothing of the axiom that we can trust our faculties. "Oh yes, of course, that is different." But is it different? Is it not the very point? Theology founds on certain historic facts, on the one revealed fact of a gracious God in particular. It founds on a fact with a particular nature and power—on Christ and His Cross, and the effect of the Cross—as chemistry might found on the qualities and effects of things. The authority in theology is not external to the matter it works in. It is spiritual. It is inherent in the fountal fact, and connate to the soul. It belongs to the revelation itself as such, and not to any voucher which the revelation created, like a book or a church. It is an authority objective to us in its source, but subjective in its nature and appeal.

If we are not sure and clear about an authority for faith or thought, we can have neither Church nor theology. But if faith has no Church, it has no contact, no affinity, with society, and so religion is hostile to humanity. And if it has no theology, it has no relation with science. Religion is then even hostile to science, because a science of our religion is impossible. No religion is friendly to science if it disown a science of itself. The fundamental relation of faith to science does not depend on its attitude to physical science, or even to philosophy, but on its capacity for a science of itself. A religion that despises a theology declares war on science in the act. We may abjure any interest in theology. Instead of regarding it as a precious gift of God, and a necessary element in a great Church and culture, we may look on it with amused but vulgar patience as the hobby of certain maundering minds, impractical and ineffectual. We may choose the better part, as we

think, and bury our heads in the sand of practical activity. That is an excellent function of a Church, but it is a poor foundation. It looks plausible, and wears the air of Christian business. But it is of Philistia, not of Israel. And it has no stay. The Churches with a theology must carry the day. No theology, no Church; and no Church, no kingdom.

III. Protestant theology is as much dependent upon authority as Catholic, but the form of it is different. We have something over our thought as commanding in its nature as the Church or Pope is for Catholicism—nay, more so. The great matter in Catholicism is Christian truth, Christian doctrine, Christian system. That is really its supreme object of faith. Faith means assent to certain truths supernaturally conveyed and guaranteed. They were conveyed by a revelation which included the standing guarantee of an infallible Church. Revelation is the supernatural donation of theological dogma, secured for all time by a Church fixed at Rome. Faith, of course, is always the answer to revelation, and corresponds to its nature and source; and here it is the acceptance of these truths from the Church as their responsible voucher. The Church takes the responsibility for them, and takes it off each member. So faith of that kind really means faith in the Church and acceptance of its absolute authority. And wherever revelation is understood to consist of a body of truth we have the Catholic habit of mind, and, in the long run, the Catholic result in the way of Church and Pope. There is much of it in circles violently anti-popish. The enmity is a family quarrel. Orthodoxy means intellectualism. And as most people are not intellectual enough to deal with such truths, this means that they must leave them to experts. And Romanism is simply the greatest

apotheosis on earth of the expert, the specialist, and his tyranny. It defies¹ the specialist in sacramental grace and truth.

But orthodoxy is foreign to the genius of Protestantism, where the supreme matter is not dogma but grace, and grace understood as the Gospel, as God's redeeming act in history, and not His sacramental action in nature. It is a revelation, not to one side of the man, the intellect which grasps truth, nor to the subliminal man whose defective substance needs a sacramental food or drug, but to the whole moral man, whose need is forgiveness, redemption, and power. It claims from him a different kind of obedience from Rome's, namely, faith, in the sense of personal conviction, personal surrender, and personal trust in a gracious God. It is an obedience of response, not of assent. It offers up the man as a will, and not as a mind. Faith becomes really religious. It means an acceptance of grace, not as the sacramental capital of the Church, but as mercy, forgiveness, and redemption in a definitive act entering our experience. The authority is neither primal truth, developed dogma, nor chartered institution, but this act, power, and person with whom we have direct dealings. It is the Gospel in the Cross, conceived as the moral word and deed of God, and not as any human version or report of it.

The see-saw of the old supernaturalism and rationalism is interminable, because both started from the same fallacy, that the content of revelation is truth as statement or doctrine. The one found it in the Bible, demanding acceptance through an external guarantee of prophecy and miracle; the other found it in the reason, guaranteeing truths not necessarily different from Bible truth, but held on a differ-

ent ground. It was really a question of the religious authority, vitiated in its discussion by the notion, still popular and fatal, that religion is a thing of beliefs rather than of faith and revelation, a matter of truth rather than grace. Both sides were enmeshed in the intellectualist conception of religion. And supernaturalism fell (as it always must fall) before rationalism through the contradiction that the Gospel was essentially a doctrine, while yet it was withdrawn from the criticism of the understanding. The whole discussion enters another plane when we leave the intellectualist and preceptual notion of revelation behind us, and escape from the doctrinaire forms of religion to a religion of spiritual, ethical, and personal relations; when we escape from classic forms of belief and give scope to the romantic claims of direct feeling and original experience; when the fixity of an initial system gives way to the results of historical inquiry both as to the absoluteness of the original revelation in Christ's person and the relativity of its subsequent course in the Church's thought. A conception of authority is reached which not only allows criticism but demands it—which is indeed the true nature of the Reformation as the action of the self-corrective and self-preservative spirit of the Gospel. The absoluteness of Christianity is to be sought only in its Gospel of grace: treated as the historic act of God for man's moral destiny, and not for his scheme of truth. The antithesis of supernaturalism and rationalism goes out of date in its old form. The Gospel is no less critical of the past than creative of the future. The revelation in the Cross of God's holiness is equally one of critical judgment and of creative grace.

There is then no authority for mere theological knowledge or statement. There are doctrines of salvation, but no

¹ In the Roman catechism the priests are described as *dil. pars ii., cap. vii., quest. ii.*

saving doctrines. In a strict use of words, there is no such thing as saving truth. No machine ever sat or sits minting and issuing it as the one lawful currency for the Christian mind. And no formal gift of it was ever made to man, and put in the Church's charge to keep undefiled. For the Protestant authority exists not in the theological form of dogma or statement, but in the evangelical form of historical grace, which is the soul and power of revelation. It is an authority truly religious. Our supreme good is not knowledge, not correct doctrine (which is a pagan perversion of Christianity caused by Greece, and loaded with intellectual pride). It is a moral thing, and essentially holy. It means more than a mystic union with the divine. It is the practical obedience and penitent response of faith in the historic grace of Christ to the conscience. The Christian Gospel is an authority for the will, in the will's sphere of history; it is not for the intellect—except in so far as the intellect depends on the will. It is an authority which is felt primarily as authority, not as truth—as Christ was felt, not as the Scribes. That is, it is morally realized, not mentally; personally, not officially; ethically, and not æsthetically, not contemplatively. It is for conscience, not for thought, in the first place, nor for imagination. It so settles the whole moral man that in the region of truth there is entire flexibility and freedom. We have the liberty there that rests on final confidence and security. Certainty of living faith in grace gives us liberty of thought in truth. To be sure, truth is implicit and integral to Christianity, but it is not supreme. Christ comes full of grace and truth, but with the grace uppermost and always central. Grace represents the fixed, fontal, authoritative, evangelical element; truth, the element free, adjustable, and cath-

olic. The one appeals to our personal life-conviction, the other to our scientific judgment. We own the authority of grace by impression and not perception, by conviction and not observation, by life and not by thought. It is in personal relation with us. It is the authority in it that breeds the knowledge, the science, the theology. It is not the knowledge that is the ground of the authority; it is the authority that is the ground of the knowledge (though, of course, in the empirical order of time, the knowledge may come first). There is assent as well as trust. But the *fiducia* precedes the *assensus*, and produces it freely. The freedom that is worth most to Christian theology is not free thought but a free soul. It is not cosmic and rational, but ethical, vital, evangelical. It is not the freedom of the world's harmony, but the freedom of Christ's reconciliation, of free and freeing grace.

IV. It is one of the fundamental mistakes we make about our own Protestantism to say that the authority is the conscience, and the Christian conscience in particular. Not so. The authority is nothing in us, but something in history. It is something given us. What is in us only recognizes it. And the conscience which now recognizes it has long been created by it. The conscience recognizes the tone of injunction, but what is enjoined is given by history, and has passed into the historic conscience. We have the inner intuition of what is a great historic teleology. It is not gathered up from all history by an induction, which, as history is far from finished, could never give us anything final or authoritative. But it is divined in it at a fixed point by faith in the experienced revelation of final purpose within God's act of Gospel. The authority is not the conscience, but it is offered to it. The conscience of God is not latent in our conscience, but revealed to it in history.

It is history, and not conscience, that is the real court of morals. And it is there accordingly that we find the authority for Christian faith and Christian theology, for faith and theology both. It is the glory of Protestantism that we have the same source and standard for both in the grace of God. That is the historic spring of both, and the constant measure of both. We have an external authority which is not foreign to the soul, yet not native to it. It is not mystic at the heart of man's depths; it is historic in the midst of man's career. Our theology rests on no other foundation than our religion. Our religion rests on a theological fact and its nature.

There is but one thing that corresponds to all the conditions of an authority: that is ethical, revealed, historic, personal, synthetic, and for ever miraculous to natural thought. There is one thing powerful over us for ever, because for ever marvellous and inexplicable, yet morally intelligible, beyond discovery, the very soul and essence of revelation. It is the grace of God toward human sin in Jesus Christ and His holy Atonement. This is intelligible to no reason. It is for ever amazing. It is only taken home by living faith to moral need. It is the moral core and reality of the Gospel that saves it from the sentimentalism that so easily besets it. Grace is not irrational in the sense of being foreign to reason, but it is not in the reason of it that its authority resides. There is nothing which is such a surprise, such a permanent surprise, and such a growing surprise to reason as grace; yet it is in the act and agent of grace that our moral experience finds authority at its final source, however seldom that source is visited by the soul or the society it controls.

"All that is absolute in the natural conscience is the sense of obligation. 'You must do what is right.' Yes, but

it does not tell us what is right. That is the judgment of the reason according to circumstances. The real conscience of the conscience is the Gospel. This not only brings absolute obligation but absolute right and truth. It not only satisfies her natural conscience, its forerunner, but it opens to it a new world, it provides a new ideal and standard which it guarantees as the final reality. It reveals in the conscience new needs, and raises it to appreciate the moral value and right of a doctrine like Atonement, which to its natural light seemed strange and incredible" (note in Bertrand's *Redemption*, p. 494). There is absolutely no reason why God should forgive and redeem men. All the reason we know, apart from his own revelation of Himself and His purpose, is against it. There is nothing we have less natural reason to expect, except in so far as reasonable expectation has been colored by the foregone revelation itself in the course of history. There is nothing, moreover, that so far passes human power as to forgive, in the deep, real, ultimate, divine sense of the word. As a revelation, grace is absolutely synthetic. It unites what it was beyond man's power to unite—sin, love, holiness, and judgment; and it unites them for ever in endless beauty and power, in the one object of faith and source of morals—the Cross of Jesus Christ.

V. The grace of God in the historic Cross of Christ must be the one source of morals and seal of authority for a race that is redeemed or nothing, redeemed or lost. The greatest fact in social ethics is also the most formidable and intractable; it is the fact of sin and the sense of guilt. All morals are academic which fail to recognize this—the real royalty of the moral, its actual wreck, and its imperative redemption. Whoever masters that fact of sin masters the conscience, and so, through the primacy of the moral, the whole of hu-

man life. The Redeemer from moral death is the seat of final authority for a moral humanity. Anything we believe about Incarnation springs from our faith in Redemption. Our final moral standard is the Gospel of the Cross with its ethical restitution of things. It was the eternal and immutable morality of holiness that was effectually established there for history and for ever.

There are ultimately no ethics, therefore, but theological. The natural conscience, were it accessible, would certainly be an object of scientific interest. But, strictly speaking (as has already been hinted), in civilized communities to-day it does not exist. It is a mere abstraction of thought. What does exist is a historic product, deeply and permanently moulded by the Christian ethic of sin and redemption which for two thousand years has been shaping European morals. The authority that lifts its head in the individual conscience rises in an area which is never found detached, but always closing a long historical development, whose influence we may feel in weight more than we can measure in extent. Every conscience we interrogate has this long social history for its *prius*, and, indeed, its progenitor. And the solemnity of the moral world within each of us is the accumulated and condensed sanctity of centuries of belief, ages of conscience and millions of wills bowed before the holy order and urgency which wakes human faith, or, if we break with it, makes human tragedy. What the historic student of the actual situation has to count with is either the Christian conscience in more or less definite form, or some reaction from it more or less indebted to it.

For practical purposes, upon the scale of all human life and of the whole, passionate, actual soul, we must deal with the evangelical conscience shaped by faith in the grace of God re-

deeming in Jesus Christ. That is the true and typical human conscience as things are. Sin is not an influence which affects but a sectional conscience, or troubles but a few members of the race. In so far as it is real at all, it affects and vitiates the whole conscience, the whole man, that is, and the whole race in its moral aspect and reliability. There is no such thing as a natural conscience giving the normal material for ethics, with a redemptive provision of a supplementary, religious, and corrective kind for those abnormal cases that have erred and strayed. In so far as ethical science proceeds on such a basis it is meagre and scholastic, and draws too little on the religious experience in history for an adequate or sympathetic account of human nature. For the actual moral life of the race as we find it to our hand forgiveness has the place of a constitutive principle, and not of an accident or supplement.

Redemption, taken in earnest, is critically constructive for the whole man and for all men. It is not a mere contribution to the future, but its one condition, not to say creation. It makes a new conscience for the race, with an authority seated in the source of the new creation—in the grace and gospel of God in Christ's Cross. The principles of the new and normal conscience are drawn from the nature of that Cross, from its moral theology, from its revelation of holiness, and not from any intuitions of natural goodness, or even of Christian piety. If (by such an admission as Huxley's) it is only by something in the nature of a miracle that humane ethics arise out of cosmic order, it is but lifting the statement to a higher plane by historic sense when we say that the conscience of the new race rests on the moral miracle in the Cross. And it is but a corollary of the same when we say that it is in the Forgive and Redeemer of the Cross

that the seat of moral, and so of all, authority for the renovated race must be found. The ethics of the future must be the explication of the holiness in the Cross, and the obedience of the future must be to the Christ of the Cross. The holy is the moral authority. And the supreme revelation of the holy is in the harmonized judgment and grace of the Cross, at once critical and creative for the whole of society. The faith which answers that and is made by it is the moral marrow of the race. The seat of authority is the seat of the Gospel. It has always been where mankind found the power of God; and it must increasingly be where sinful man finds the power of a holy God for salvation. And experience finds this but in Christ and in His Cross, in the victories achieved thereby in our own life, and the conquests gathered from the evangelization of the world.

VI. To all ethics drawn from real life the great human soul is lamed and doomed by the malady of sin. We struggle not only with misfortune nor with fate, but with some curse. And the total and ultimate moral situation of the race is thus not moral only, but religious. The malady and the remedy are religious both. The Lord of the race is not simply the genius of excellence, nor "a self-transcending goodness," even when that goodness is viewed as a personal ideal. He is a Redeemer, who not only *embodies* goodness for our gaze, but *enacts* it for our salvation; who not only startles us with the wonder and love of our ideal selves, but *intervenes* with His goodness in redemptive action as the only condition of our power to fulfil ourselves, appreciate His revelation, or share His life; who not only reveals His kingdom, but *establishes* it in moral and historic reality.

But He is especially King and Lord

² By satisfaction is meant no equivalency of penalty, but adequacy of practical recog-

nition. The idea is qualitative and not quantitative.

when we realize *how* He became Redeemer, and what is the nature of His saving act. His authority does not rest simply on our grateful sense of the fact. That experience is too subjective and unstable for a seat of authority spiritual, absolute, and eternal. It is not simply that he produces on us the æsthetic impression of one in whom all human goodness foreruns itself, and all the soul's moral future is set forth by anticipation as an ideal to man and a pledge to God. It is not alone that we are melted and mastered by the spectacle of His grace. The seat of His eternal authority is neither in our wonder, fascination, nor gratitude. He rules neither as ideal nor as helper. His throne has a deeper and more objective base. He satisfied for us that holy law which our worst sin could never unseat, against which the most titanic human defiance breaks in vain. He even becomes for us that self-satisfying law. He has taken over in His person all the lien held upon our conscience by all the moral order of the world, all the holy righteousness of God. By His perfect obedience, His acceptance of holy judgment, His perfect fulfilment and satisfaction of God's holiness, He is identified with it. He becomes the reversionary, therefore, of all its claims upon the race. By His perfect satisfaction² of God's holiness, He becomes the trustee of it for God among men. Because He took man's judgment He became man's judge. There is a close inner unity between sacrifice and judgment. "The saints shall judge the earth"; and the saints are such by their relation to sacrifice. The supreme sacrifice is in principle the final judgment, and the supreme victim the last judge. He who absorbed the curse and dissipated it acquires the monopoly of human blessing. And He who met the whole den-

mand of holiness with His person becomes the law's Lord, in as far as holiness is above mere righteousness. So by the nature, and not by the mere fact and impress, of His work for us He becomes our King—the conscience of the conscience. Himself the living and holy law which is our moral ultimate. He is thus the fountain of moral honor, and the centre of moral authority, for ever and for all. He would indeed be supreme if our orderly moral nature were only constituted in Him; He is more profoundly and vitally supreme because our disordered nature is in Him redeemed.

VII. It is easy to anticipate an objection which arises to the line of thought here pursued. It is an objection too congenial to the spirit of the age to be easily overlooked; indeed, no one is quite equipped for dealing with this whole subject if it has not arisen in his own thoughts, and been not only laid as a spectre of the mind but fought as a recalcitrancy of the will. There is a tendency to dwell in a region where it seems narrow to personalize, immodest to define, and overbold to be as positive or ethical about spiritual process as a word like redemption implies. There are few who have not felt at least the germs of that common reluctance to submit thought to the personal category, and will to a personal control. And there are many, not unspiritual, who never overcome their repugnance to accepting redemption as the fundamental note of the religious and moral life. Redemption in their case, like personality in the case of others, seems to imply a limitation of thought and an archaism of belief. It claims in the Redeemer an exclusiveness of authority, and a uniqueness of nature, foreign to modern views of religious science, of human progress, and of personal independence. Like the Pessimists, they will more readily admit a redemptive

process than reduce it to the act of a Redeemer. And while they believe in a divine humanity, it seems an indignity to condense it and submit it to the absolute authority of any one that arose in its midst.

But for the purposes of religion it is power that we need more than breadth; it is control as the condition of freedom; it is height, depth, and quality of soul more than range; it is security more than progress, and divinity more than fraternity. The passion of inclusion has overreached the soul's own comprehensive power; and we are losing real width of vision because our levelling instincts have robbed us of the commanding heights. There is a narrowness like that of the mountain peak which raises us much more than it limits us, and increases our range while it straitens our steps. To be just to mankind is not to be diffuse in our loyalties, grudging towards an elect, or cold in our worship of a Unique. "To be just," says Baudelaire, "criticism must be partial and passionate, with a point of view which is exclusive indeed, but which opens new horizons." And another says, "*L'amour, c'est choisir.*" It is so with regard to our moral Critic, Judge, and Saviour. The Eternal Equity is partial to us. The moral universe is not a mindless vacuum. It is too full of holy passion to leave room for absolutely impartial (and impossible) judgments, whether in man or God. The Judge after all is just—because He is on our side, a just God and a Saviour. And we cannot be just unless we are on His.

Personality and partiality are here but the concentration so essential for conviction and power. The lack of certainty to-day is not only due to the many things and the many points of view, but still more to the weakness of will which refuses to select and concentrate. Much more doubt is volun-

tary and culpable than it is the fashion to admit. The mental confusion is due to some moral weakness and discursiveness. It is not wholly mental error, but to some extent moral dullness (to say the least), which causes so many to pass over the historic Christ as lightly as they do in their survey of the field of fact. There is a lack of moral insight and of moral perspective due to an absence of moral culture. We have come to a time when it is the element of command rather than comprehension that we need in our faith. And for this end a Person has more power than a process, and a

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Redeemer than an ideal. We may or may not be "broad," but positive and objective we must be. We may or may not be "liberal," but we must have liberty. And the first condition of positiveness in our creed, or freedom in our Soul, or liberty in the State, is a sure, clear, personal and historic authority whose writ runs to the very centre of the will and the recesses of the soul. The present decay in the matter of public liberty and its vigilance is more than concurrent with the decay of sure faith in a divine authority.

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THE FASCINATION OF ORCHIDS.

We who have yielded to this charm are not unused to hear it called infatuation, and we do not mind. The speaker shows that he is talking without knowledge, but ignorance on such a subject is not offensive. If men and women did not criticize the tastes of their fellow-creatures unless they understood them, conversation would be more intelligent, no doubt, but much less amusing. It may be worth while, however, to explain where the fascination of orchids lies—or infatuation, if that term be preferred; for there is keen and abiding pleasure to be found in it which persons of very modest income may enjoy if they can be tempted to look into the matter. Perhaps we orchidists incline to exaggerate the dullness of life for middle-aged folks who have no particular employment for their leisure. Ourselves initiated long ago, and constantly more absorbed, we feel a pity for those unacquainted with our delights, which perhaps they do not need; and yet, is it possible to over-estimate the dreariness of an elderly Briton on a Sunday afternoon in winter, when the sky is lower-

ing, the earth soppy, and he has dined at half-past one? But it is then that the enthusiast enjoys himself. The gardener is away! He can take things down for inspection with his own hands, can make changes and perform operations to which his courage would not be equal, perhaps, under the eye of that functionary. The shed is empty; he can spend happy hours in potting up the last importation. It may be said that any one who has a greenhouse with a few undistinguished plants in it shares these joys. But such an observation betrays inexperience. The time is winter—none of your azaleas and pelargoniums call for attention then. They only ask to be let alone, and when you have cut out the "dead stuff" and made the pots neat—uninviting duties at best—there is nothing more you can do till spring. With orchids it is very different. Even in the stove there are species always growing, and so, perhaps, wanting comfort of some sort. But the modest elderly Briton of whom I am thinking would favor *Odontoglossums* and "cool orchids" mostly, which never cease swelling and pushing roots. It

is always desirable to look over these. Insects come and go, mysterious as the wind, wandering roots should be tucked in lest they get broken, this plant has been overlooked in watering, and that has become sodden. One notes the young growths starting, and in the late winter season one peers into the axils of the leaves seeking the tip of the flower spike just beginning to push. Verily, if a man be born with a taste for orchids, as is necessary, according to some, he is born under a lucky star—with a predisposition for those quiet pleasures which make happiness.

There are men who have a dozen greenhouses and a dozen gardeners, yet keep this affection as single-hearted as though they themselves tended every plant; while, in fact, they very rarely touch one among the myriads. That such zealots exist I know, reckoning some among my acquaintance; and I think their case is the strongest evidence of the fascination. Beauty alone is not a sufficient cause. We take leave to assume that orchids are the loveliest of created things. Clearly the making of them must have been one of the last efforts of the Creator. The first proposition will be warmly disputed, of course; those who understand beauty are even rarer than those who understand orchids. But an ingenuous aesthete, surveying samples of *To Kalon*, and weighing their merits thoughtfully, must give precedence, among all the various forms, to *Odontoglossum crispum*. Maiden's face is not so pure, art not so graceful or so finished. Of such quality are the angels. *Crispum*, indeed, stands alone, but many compete with it in earthly loveliness, if we leave the ethereal aside. It would be easy to name a dozen—but that word "name" raises a stumbling-block. We think of the flowers with rapture, but if anyone ask how they are called, "chilled remembrance shudders o'er"

the ugly polysyllables. People seem to fancy that amateurs like these barbarous combinations of Greek and Latin. It is further proof of their inability to comprehend our taste. Just now I wished to name some species which, with careful limitation, might be classed with *Odontoglossum crispum*—itself a title fit for the Beast rather than the Beauty. But how can I hope that the reader will accept my word for the supreme elegance of a flower which is called *Lycaste Skinneri alba* or *Cattleya intermedia virginialis*? If he urged that plants so styled must needs be pernicious growths of gigantic stature, though we ridiculed him we should be obliged to admit that there was a certain air of probability about the notion. In the science as the practice of orchidology all is delightful, except the names. They are the drawback, providing mockery for the vulgar, confusion for the sympathetic, and embarrassment even for the expert.

It is much too late to seek a remedy. The civilized world has accepted our guidance in this matter, and professors discourse upon *Cattleyas* and *Oncidiums* in every university from China to Peru. The savages employed to gather plants have learned to describe them in what they fondly suppose to be the white man's language. Naked Dyaks in Borneo talk of *Dendrobiums*, and more naked Caribs on the Amazons recognize a *Zygopetalum*. The mischief covers an enormous space, and grows continually. There are not fewer than five thousand varieties and species of orchids in cultivation, not reckoning artificial hybrids, of course, and ten thousand more, at the very least, which, for one reason or another, are not grown. To rename even the families of these would be a tremendous work, and an international agreement would have to be obtained among the botanical *savants* of the universe—not a class remarkable for geniality or

readiness to oblige, by all accounts. Sometimes, however, the task has to be essayed in a single case, where the old descriptive title was misleading on some point. But when that necessity arises the pundits do their best to find a new one equally long and stupid. Probably they have no choice, under the circumstances existing. But it would have been just as easy, at the beginning, to choose attractive words. The matter is by no means unimportant. In a report upon German education, published a year or two ago, the greater readiness of young people to undertake the study of botany there was attributed to the use of names and terms in the vernacular, which is carried to the utmost extent practicable. We may not be quite convinced that the Teutonic love of knowledge is a factor to be ignored, but most certainly the ponderous array of Latin and Greek in our own school-books deters British students. Instead of being encouraged, the vernacular is carefully suppressed—a child cannot read of buttercups except in Latin, nor of pinks except in Greek. It would be mighty difficult now to find English equivalents for scientific terms. They would have to be manufactured, and we have lost the knack of inventing words. But the necessity will have to be faced if botanical science is to spread among English youth. Perhaps the reader does not think that likely, whatever be done, and many agree with him.

To return to our orchids. Dr. Lindley, who is more responsible for their abominable names than any other mortal, did diverge into harmony and common sense sometimes—perhaps half a dozen. He knew a young lady called Ada. History tells nothing of her, not even her relations with the learned man, but in a happy moment he named a genus of orchid after her. Another time, perhaps, Dr. Lindley had been reading about the lovely daughters of

Calus Laellus, earliest of Roman Blue-stockings, and carrying his enthusiasm to the laboratory, he christened a genus *Laelia*. Or, again, he invented the pleasing word *Vanda* "out of his own head," so far as can be ascertained—proof that the worthy old *savant* could have produced more of the same sort had he chosen. But we have nearly reached the end of these; the rest seem to be devised as wholesome but needless exercises of memory. Of course, there was an object in view. It is claimed for these long combinations that they are descriptive, and therefore intelligible all the world over to those who know Greek and Latin. A Russian botanist, or a Peruvian, understands that *Dendrobium* means something that lives on a tree, and *Odontoglossum* something connected with teeth and tongue, though the conventional change of "on" to "um" may puzzle him somewhat. But so far as description goes he is not advanced a jot. A plant living on a tree may belong to any one of a thousand species of orchids, or it may be a fern; for the matter of that, a monkey lives on trees. And where are the teeth or tongue in an *Odontoglossum*? It is a little "problem," such as they set in the ha'penny papers, which even a botanist professed cannot always solve, to show how the name is justified. But this is enough upon a painful theme, the single drawback to our enjoyment.

As I have said, perhaps it is not supreme beauty which gives orchids their fascination. Evidence can be adduced on that point; for if it be not actually indisputable that *Odontoglossum crispum* is the loveliest of all things, no judge would dispute that it is the loveliest of flowers. But this means the pure white form, such as Nature produced in her happiest mood, uncontaminated by mixture with any alien strain. And all men agreed upon that point thirty years ago. A scientific

authority tells me that in youth he spent some time with Messrs. Low, the great importers of that era. As their crispums flowered, every one which had spots was removed, to be sold at a low price, proportionately to their number, size, and obtrusiveness; those heavily "splashed" with a dark color would be almost given away. Only the virgin white were treasured. But all this is revolutionized. Large white crispums, of good form, still have special value, but beside the spotted they are nought. It is these which run into figures too startling to be disclosed. Credible rumor asserts that Mr. H. T. Pitt paid twelve hundred and fifty guineas for "Persimmon" two years ago; certain it is that half the plant was offered to Messrs. Sander for a thousand. Rumor asserts, again, that the latter firm received two thousand guineas a few weeks afterwards from the same Mr. Pitt for "Frederick Sander." The truth is known to very few, and they keep their counsel. But one could name scores of spotted crispums in England, France, and Belgium which are formally valued by experts at one to three thousand guineas; and nobody has ventured to appraise Baron Schröder's peerless "aplatum." That is the Cullinan of flowers.

Their merit dwells in the size, arrangement, color, and showiness of the blotches. Purity, which is the highest loveliness, does not count now in itself; it must be of supreme perfection to rank with a colored form of the third class. Therefore I said that the beauty of the finest orchids does not suffice to explain their fascination; for the spots are defects—the more of them, and the more conspicuous, the greater the degeneracy. They are caused by the introduction of inferior strains. Observant men suspected so much from the first; now it is proved by experiment. Long ago they suggested that *Odonts*, *Wilckeanum* and *Denisoniæ*

might probably be the offspring of *crispum* and *luteo-purpureum*, crossed in the wild state. The very first *odonto* hybrids raised by M. Leroy, gardener to Baron Edmond de Rothschild, confirmed the theory. Other cases have been verified. Upon internal evidence, *Od. Wattianum* was pronounced a natural hybrid of the worthless *Lindleyanum* and the superb *Harryanum*, the sepals and petals taking after the first, but larger and of deeper color; the lip, with its purple dots on a white ground, and long, triangle purple and white, after the second. Now the cross has been made both ways—that is, with the parents exchanged—and both produce varying forms of *Wattianum*. *Adrianæ* was confidently pronounced a natural hybrid of *crispum* and *Hunnewellianum* many years before the fact was proved. But the demonstration that many plants which we reckon species are the result of accidental unions in the forests of South America opens up a series of embarrassing possibilities; for man can perform that operation at will, choosing such species as he thinks likely to have the effect desired. What prevents him from raising artificially, in any number, even those marvels, which Nature, dependent on rare chance, supplies perhaps only once in a century? Amateurs who have paid hundreds and thousands for a spotted *crispum* begin to ponder this question with growing anxiety. Those who have the finest examples may reasonably hope that the "slump" will not come in their time. It is no single alliance which produced the elaborate and complicated pattern of their treasures, the strange mottlings of red and purple, cinnamon and chocolate. The work must have been effected by crosses and inter-crosses of endless complexity through unlimited time. Thoughtful ingenuity cannot yet even suggest how the most notable specimens came into being—what

strange contacts produced them. Not for an indefinite number of years can science hope to discover, unless by accident, to what combinations they may be assigned. But these are the most remarkable and the costliest. Many a good fellow who has been carried by enthusiasm so far as to pay a hundred or two, which he could ill afford, for a spotted crispum has no such reason to feel confidence. The markings on his flower can be interpreted. It seems not improbable that at a second, or even the first attempt, the base plagiarist may succeed in turning out something like a facsimile. He works so quick, too, performing in a few years the operations over which Nature, in her leisurely way, spent ages. An incident at the Temple Show of 1903 proved the alarm to be not unreasonable. Among the orchids sent from Belgium was a "spotted *Pescatorei*" of high class. The judges did not feel quite sure about it; but time pressed. The exhibitor ranks among the first in his country. After a moment's hesitation they awarded him a first-class certificate; but, examining the plant at leisure afterwards, they found that it was certainly an artificial hybrid. The Belgian, summoned to explain, ingenuously confessed that he had raised it himself. Equally frank was his reply when asked how he could commit such a fraud: "I thought my hybrid would sell better as a natural variety!" The honest man was not disappointed either, for some innocent Briton had given him three hundred guineas. Probably he claimed them back after the exposure. But when things have already reached the point that a nurseryman can imitate some natural eccentricity to the value of three hundred guineas, holders of the genuine article may well feel nervous. It is not yet fifteen years since M. Leroy flowered the very first *Odontoglossum* hybrid ever raised. If in that brief space un-

scrupulous "growers" have gone so far already, how long will the grandest specimens be safe?

But all this is part of the fascination. It tends to rouse interest and to keep it alive. No other class of plant is subject to "alarums and excursions" of the sort. A few splashes of brown do not raise the value of a lily or an azalea from a shilling or less to a thousand guineas or more. In what other department is the collector pursued by hybridists, who threaten to reproduce his unique and priceless specimen by hundreds? There are high and mighty twaddlers who would have us despise the money question in dealing with art. Men of sense do not waste time in refuting them. While the price of paintings, antiquities, books, orchids, and such-like is ruled by fashion, mysterious and irresponsible, the purchase of them must always be something of a gamble, and thus it appeals to one of the strongest passions in human nature. For all the denudation of the forests which has been asserted for years back—truly enough, for that matter—imported crispums, not remarkable for size or vigor, still fetch a shilling or thereabouts at auction. Any single plant of these, on flowering, may prove to be worth a fortune. Most experts flatter themselves that they can distinguish some at least of those which differ from the bulk. As a rule it is more than a fond fancy. "Persimmon," of which I spoke, was bought with eleven others, by a small dealer, as a speculation at eighteenpence apiece. He offered them all round at a moderate advance. Not till every amateur and nurseryman of his acquaintance had declined the bargain, did he make up his mind, in despair, to "grow them on." And "Persimmon," sold for twelve hundred and fifty guineas, was the first that flowered. For his incomparable "Lady Jane" Mr. J. W. Potter gave one shilling. Is there

any form of gambling more attractive to the virtuous, such as grow orchids?

I have said that they were the last effort of the Creator. We do not concern ourselves with science for the most part. The genera and the species which *savants* contemplate with a rapture of bewilderment, perceiving structures unaccountable and anomalies beyond explanation, are seldom handsome or even conspicuous. If anyone ask about a plant he has heard of, the reply that it is "botanical" silences inquiry. That is a formula meaning that it has no interest for ordinary mortals. Of course, we know something of our Darwin, and amuse the ladies by showing how *Catasetum* shoots its pollen like a gun when you pull the trigger, or how an insect inevitably climbs out by a certain path when it tumbles into the labellum of *Cynoches*. But few of us go much beyond that sort of thing, I fancy; it is the practical business, the culture, the treatment that gives the best possible results, which occupies our time. But very little science is needed to perceive that orchids must have come into the world when conditions with which we are familiar had already been established. It is absolutely impossible for many genera, perhaps for most, to fertilize their own seed. They are dependent upon insects, practically on winged insects, often of a very complicated structure. Darwin's assertion that *Angraecum sesquipedale* of Madagascar—called *Aeranthus sesquipedalis* of late—must cease to multiply if a certain moth, never seen nor heard of, became extinct, was thought extravagant. The moth has not been discovered even now, but every one admits that it must exist and Darwin was right. Geologists assure us, however, that though Mayflies and beetles lived in the carboniferous era, bees and the like could not have appeared before the tertiary,

when bushes had leaves and plants had some sort of flower; and the complex forms necessary for the reproduction of so many orchids were still distant. Therefore this Order must have been one of the latest to appear. The same conclusion is reached by another path. Authorities do not quite agree upon the sequence of colors developed when the efflorescence of plants began to change from its original green. But all recognize that yellow, white, and red were well established before blue made its appearance. That is still, by very far, the least common of primary tints among flowers, though we might not suppose so when it abounds in our gardens. That is because men have been so eager to collect all the examples they found. Among orchids, however, blue is so extremely rare that of five thousand epiphytal varieties, say, in cultivation, not more than a dozen probably could be named; if the genus *Zygopetalum* were excluded not more than six. In fact, putting this aside, there is only one common—*Vanda caerulea*, of which, indeed, the blue is still so undecided that three out of four can only be called bluish-white. Some say that the depth of color depends upon the season, and a pale plant will flower blue when it has sun enough; while a blue plant will flower pale when the spring has been more cloudy than usual. I have never been able to satisfy myself on this point by personal experience, but it would seem that *Vanda caerulea* is much more commonly and deeply blue upon the Continent. However, the point is that this hue appears very rarely indeed among orchids, because, as we may conclude, sufficient time has not yet elapsed for its diffusion, or, indeed, for its development, seeing how indistinct it is when present generally. Perhaps it should be added that there are several terrestrial orchids as blue as the sky. They are very, very rarely seen

in this country, and still more rarely live beyond the season.

This is not wandering from our theme, for all that tends to distinguish orchids from other Orders of plant strengthens their fascination for the thoughtful; also it is an attraction for millionaires—often the only one. I was showing once how poor men might grow orchids, and how desirable it is that they should take up the pursuit, when a leader of these gilded personages exclaimed: "Then we shall have to give them up!" He regretted the outburst evidently, but henceforward I knew the worth of that capitalist's enthusiasm. He represents the vast majority of rich amateurs. Some there are most assuredly who love their orchids, but I acknowledge that their affection seems to me as curious as creditable. Of science they know nothing. They cannot have any interest in those myriads of plants, as individuals; cannot tend nor even know them by sight, except one here and there. Those who can love an abstraction are necessarily few. To feel the charm of gardening in any department one must have a personal acquaintance with each object. Especially does this rule apply to orchids, which may suffer grave damage in a short time if some mischance be overlooked. Not that they are delicate—no plants will bear such ill-treatment or live in such unnatural conditions. But they will dwindle and cease to flower. In a rich man's house there are or should be gardeners enough to watch every pot; "XL" is sprayed at the first suspicion of an insect anywhere, regardless of cost; everything is of the best. A poor man, whose single gardener does not profess to be an orchidist, probably has to work himself at supervision, if not always at hand-labor. But there lies happiness.

The notion of a poor man growing orchids seems fantastic, but that is only

because people are so ill-informed upon the subject. It appears to be accepted as a working rule by speculative builders that everyone able to pay more than £40 a year for a house in the suburbs wants a "bit of glass." Too often the structures are utilized for cleaning knives and boots apparently, but the jerry-builder continues to provide them. And he must be presumed to understand the tastes and desires of his public. Suppose a man at £50 yearly rent, with one of these ramshackle greenhouses thrown in, should dream of filling it with cool orchids instead of pelargoniums and odds and ends, what would the eccentric fancy cost him? At Protheroe and Morris's, without delay or difficulty, he could buy a hundred crispums and Pescatoreis, established plants, bearing, or certain to bear, good spikes, for £5. Another sovereign or two, judiciously expended, would provide him with a selection of Lycastes, Masdevallias, and others. For that expenditure of capital his little house would be full. Let us consider working expenses. In the first place he wants no gardener—a manual costing 3s. 6d. at the outside would tell him everything he needs to learn—so simple is the culture of these species. Peat used to be a serious item, for it must be of a certain quality; but a Belgian philanthropist discovered some few years ago that leaf-mould is infinitely more suitable, and generously published the information. If made of oak leaves it is best, but our modest collector will do very well with the stuff commonly sold at 2s. the bag—enough to repot all his plants twice over when they need it. Sphagnum moss he can gather for himself on his Sunday stroll, if there be woods accessible in the neighborhood. What other charge has to be met, saving the expense of keeping out the frost in winter and the sun in summer? I think of none, for he need not concern himself with insecticides—all

his plants can be dipped in an hour. As for excluding the frost, it is much better, of course, to have pipes, and the firing apparatus, whatever it may be, outside the house; but an oil lamp will do no harm, unless one of those old-fashioned winters should recur when the glass stands below freezing for a month on end. I am quite sure that it is not necessary, though desirable, to keep the temperature at a minimum of 45°, as we used to do, much more at 50°, as is the practice now.

Further, it must be remembered that if our friend resolve to buy small unestablished crispums and Pescatorels and "grow them on," though he will pay perhaps twice as much for them, he may cherish a delightful hope that some, or one, may prove to be worth a hundred guineas—or a thousand, while he is about it. Such happy chances have befallen many a poor man. Meanwhile he has months or years of calm enjoyment, ministering to his pets before the flower spikes appear; then weeks of rapturous suspense as "spots" glimmer through the casing of the buds, still tightly folded. Will they be large enough, and arranged with such symmetry, as to win the plant a first-class certificate, a name, and a great price, or will they be mere dots without character? Not for many days, perhaps, will he know. The latter issue is too probable, but at least the joys of hope have been his.

And the pauper in his £50 hut can hybridize as well as the millionaire, or better. He may make his hundred guinea wonders for himself. If the propagation of *Odontoglots* be difficult and uncertain, it is not made a bit easier nor more assured by expensive contrivances and surroundings. Rather one may suspect that the operation succeeds more frequently in a rough place where the painter and the glazier are much wanted, than in a building all spic and span. And this is true of or-

dinary cultivation. The late Mr. Smee, to whom we owe the record of so many curious experiments on orchids, housed his collection in sheds with walls of packing-cases, convinced that this airy fashion was more suitable than brick. I think I have mentioned that the first *Odontoglossum* hybrid flowered in 1890—only fifteen years ago. Before that event most growers had learned to accept it as a mysterious but unquestionable law that the genus could not be fertilized—regularly, at least. Efforts innumerable had failed; *Cattleyas*, *Cypripeds*, *Dendrobies* might be artificially reproduced, but not *Odontoglots*. M. Leroy exploded this error, and now we are asking how it could be that experiments failed so long. Though the operation is very much more likely to be unsuccessful in the case of these plants, though much less seed germinates and of that much less thrives, in spite of all, *Odontoglossum* seedlings are numbered by hundreds of thousands at present in this country; perhaps there are more still in France and Belgium. Not many crosses have flowered yet—I think about a score—but they are all notable, some marvellous. A longer time is needed for these than for most to reach the blooming age; but in ten years hundreds of new *Odontoglots* will be added to the list. Worthy souls can still be found who protest against hybridization. It does much harm, they say, and no good, confusing the evidence on which science depends, while the results are not so beautiful as those produced by Nature. We sympathize with these stubborn purists, but we do not argue with them. No injury can be done to science in this age of the world, when all facts relating to such varieties as the hybridizer would use are known and registered. As for the beauty of the products, every one must judge for himself, but the vast majority has pronounced. Hybridization to me appears a semi-divine

function, though performed by rather grimy mortals with a black "clay" in their pockets, probably, if not in their mouths. It actually creates a new form of life, and one lovelier, more vigorous, than those from which it proceeded—for the hybrid always has a stronger constitution than its parents. This is a merit of the process which its enemies grudgingly acknowledge. But the interest of hybridization stretches far beyond the superficial points I have dealt with. It suggests grave considerations which can only be hinted in an article which I have tried to make chatty and "popular." Such abnormal unions of species and even genera—not only unnatural but impossible, according to the recognized laws—have proved fruitful, that the sci-

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ence of orchidology is threatened with revolution. If the public cared to listen I might go into that hazardous subject one day.

Meanwhile almost everyone who grows orchids, professional or amateur, is hybridizing. On such a scale it is practised already that great dealers have reduced their importations of the natural species enormously, and one of them foresees the time when all the orchids he wants will be raised on the premises. To me that seems a pleasing fancy, though some of my friends regard it as an evil dream—as unsubstantial as other dreams, happily. There is much to be urged on either side, but it would be mostly technical; and my space is full.

Frederick Doyle.

REJECTED BY THE PUBLISHERS.

Publishers are no more infallible than other men, and therefore they make mistakes which rankle in the memory, especially if a certain book which has been rejected is accepted by a rival house and turns out a great success. It takes more than average magnanimity to rejoice thereat; it takes more than average openness of mind to own that this or that blunder has been made over a series of years. Every publishing house has its skeleton and its series of unwise rejections—your masterpiece, my dear reader, included, which is still unprinted and upon which the dust of years is settling. For there could be no shorter cut to the bankruptcy court than for a publisher or editor to print just what has been offered without severely weighing the chances of its success, without considering the character of the work, its timeliness, quality, and general suitability. A well-known

critic connected with a London publishing firm has frequently said that we should know a great deal better as to the state of the case if publishers made public some details of sales from their ledgers; but, as said critic has not led the way, we stand where we did. The publisher sometimes gives the number of editions or thousands; it is usually through the rejected that we hear of the rejections. Publishing, at the best, is a speculative business. It is quite possible that we have too many publishers, too many new books; and far too many people, from the costermonger to Royalty, attempt to write. Quite a large number of new books are paid for by the ambitious author. Publishers and editors, if they did nothing else than protect the public from the avalanche of written matter hurled at their heads, deserve well of the public; but if they strangle a work of genius and fail to discover "mute, in-

glorious Miltons," that is another matter.

Authors have this comfort, that when one door closes another may open. The appeal may have been made to the wrong house, the secret of many declinations, especially in the case of articles. It takes some bravery to sink money in the work of a comparatively unknown author, yet this course has had many brilliant justifications. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, refused by Smith, Elder, & Co., and accepted by Low, was in its thirty-eighth edition in 1893. The life of a novel to-day may be counted by weeks instead of years. It sinks like a lump of lead in the mighty waters almost at once or rides on a wave of popularity. Publishers make mistakes as to the value of certain works, and so do the authors. "When a publisher," says Mr. Marston, "happens to have accepted the work of a young and unknown author, which has proved a great success, he is at once accredited with profound insight and sagacity, and all his brethren who had passed that author by are looked upon as incapables. That one bit of luck clings to him for years, for mere luck or chance it mostly is." This octogenarian would have publishers to be humble. It sometimes happens that when an author with many early rejections finds the tables turned he lets the publisher who lacked the prophetic soul know something of it. Like Dr. Johnson, in his reply to his would-be patron Chesterfield, he is generally equal to the occasion. Edna Lyall's *We Two*, was rejected by half a dozen publishers. "One firm," says her biographer, "from whom she had hoped great things, kept the manuscript for a month, and then declined it with thanks, and two years later, when her fame was made, must indeed have been chagrined to learn, in answer to a letter begging her to write and let them publish a novel like *We Two*, that

they had missed the opportunity of bringing out that very work."

Mr. James Payn has a pretty story of this kind, in *Some Literary Recollections*, which turns against himself. He succeeded Mr. W. Smith Williams as reader to Smith, Elder, & Co. This is how Mr. Payn tells the story—we give the facts later: The publisher's reader one day pointed out a statement in a book of literary gossip to the effect that that eminently successful work, *Disloyala; or the Doubtful Priest*, which had run through fifty editions, had been rejected by their firm some years before. The publisher made light of it, and tried to dissuade the reader from protecting the good name of the firm, as he thought, by a contradiction. "I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Mr. Paternoster, still more quietly than before. "But why not? I really must." There was a twinkle in Mr. Paternoster's eye and a smile at the extreme corners of his mouth which attracted the other's attention and interrupted his eloquence. "Is there any reason why I should not contradict this man?" "Well, yes; the fact is, we did reject the book." Mr. Paternoster stuck to his point. "And you never told me! Never let fall a word of it all these years!" "Certainly not. I thought it might distress you. I should not have told you now, but that I was taken unawares."

Mr. Sidney Lee has confirmed this story, which refers to the rejection of Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*, which went to Macmillan, and was very successful. Mr. Paternoster was Mr. George Smith, of Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., who showed Payn the letter drafted by himself refusing the novel, adding that he should never have mentioned the matter had he not been taken unawares.

It was the tactful and courteous way in which Mr. Smith Williams of this same firm declined the *Professor* by Charlotte Brontë which led to their se-

curing the brilliantly successful *Jane Eyre*. Mr. Marston is wrong in saying in his *After Work* that this novel went the round of the publishers. It was another novel, and the packet containing the manuscript of the *Professor* very unwisely showed the scored-out addresses of three or four publishing houses when it arrived in July, 1847. The note rejecting this sent by Williams to "Currer Bell" was to the effect that he believed the writer could do a work which would command success, and that a story in three volumes would receive attention. The mysterious author replied to the effect that "Currer Bell" was on the point of finishing a new book, which would be sent in as soon as completed. Mr. Williams, after perusing the manuscript of *Jane Eyre*, handed it to Mr. George Smith on a Saturday. By Sunday night Smith had galloped breathlessly through its pages, having broken an engagement, and scarcely paused for meals, and on Monday the tale was accepted at once. The story of how Charlotte and Anne Brontë came to London to prove their identity has been told in a most interesting way both by Mrs. Gaskell and Mr. George Smith.

When, in 1831, Thomas Carlyle came up to London from the solitudes of Craigenputtock with the manuscript of *Sartor Resartus*, in search of a publisher, he met with many rebuffs and rejections. There were no literary agents at that date to soften the shock of refusal. Lord Jeffrey had done his best for Carlyle by giving him an introduction to John Murray, who would have been his first publisher if the author of *Sartor* had not meanwhile consulted Longmans and others. This caused Murray to fall back upon the judgment of his reader—very likely J. G. Lockhart—which was unfavorable. Carlyle's diary, under date of October 25, 1830, contains this entry: "Written, a strange piece on clothes;

know not what will come of it. I could make a kind of book, but cannot afford it." This original draft was declined by Fraser when the author enlarged it and completed it in August, 1831. Carlyle called on Murray and left him a portion of the manuscript and an outline of the proposed volume, with a note asking an early decision. He called a second time, and found Murray from home and the manuscript unopened. A letter followed, backed up by a visit from Lord Jeffrey, which led to an offer from Murray to print seven hundred and fifty copies at Carlyle's cost, on the half-profit system. Carlyle accepted the offer, and wished the book published by November, 1831. Meanwhile, Murray discovered that Carlyle had offered the book elsewhere. Fraser, of Regent Street, was willing to print *Sartor* if Carlyle would pay him one hundred and fifty pounds; Longmans declined it, as they had declined his *German Literary History*; Colburn and Bentley would have nothing to do with it. Murray, alarmed at this, appealed to his reader, who thought the book might be a translation from the German. The work, he said, displayed here and there felicities of thought and expression, with considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public was doubtful. Murray took this view and dropped the negotiation. Mrs. Carlyle's criticism was nearer the mark when she said, "My dear, this is the work of a genius." In the autumn of 1834 Fraser agreed to publish *Sartor* in his magazine. He soon had cause to repent, as the writer was thought by many subscribers to be a literary maniac, and Fraser feared his magazine would be ruined. Fifty copies of *Sartor*, as printed in *Fraser*, were stitched together in pamphlet form, and any one of these to-day would be a rare prize to the bibliographer. Emerson, in America, issued an edition in 1836 of

five hundred copies, and another was soon called for. It was issued here in 1838, and only reached a third edition in 1849. The publisher would not at first print the work until he was assured of selling three hundred copies at least. Harriet Martineau was one of those who canvassed for subscribers. As Smiles has said, Carlyle himself was to create the taste to appreciate *Sartor*. In 1841 Carlyle wrote to his mother: "I have bargained with Fraser for my lectures. They are now at press, that kept me so very busy. He would give me only seventy-five pounds, the dog; but then he undertakes a new edition of *Sartor* too (the former being sold), and gives me another seventy-five pounds for that too. It is not so bad: one hundred and fifty pounds of ready-money, at least money without risk. I did not calculate on getting anything at present for Teufelsdröckh. . . . Poor Teufelsdröckh, it seems very curious money should lie even in him. They trampled him into the gutters at his first appearance; but he rises up again, finds money bid for him." Professor Copeland calls the book the "passionate history of a soul, with its motive so strangely drawn from the Holy Bible and the great, unholy Dean." Dr. Garnett calls *Sartor* an extraordinary book, giving the very essence and quintessence of Carlyle, with the best right to be called the author's typical book. Besides the authorized editions, there are two with annotations, and a sixpenny edition as well. When published in the People's Edition it had the largest sale of any of the author's works.

The refusal by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, when the publishers of Charles Dickens's works, to print a statement in *Punch* regarding the novelist's separation from his wife in 1858 led to a difference. The result was that Dickens stopped *Household Words*, in which publishers and editor had joint-

proprietorship, and a new series was begun under the title of *All the Year Round*. Dickens also transferred his works from Bradbury & Evans to his former publishers, Chapman & Hall. Thackeray refused to print a continuation of the papers on political economy according to John Ruskin which had been appearing in the *Cornhill* under the title of *Unto This Last*. The papers were thought at the time to be too socialistic. Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., however, publishers of the same magazine, did not scruple to issue *Unto This Last* in volume form, with the rejected chapters.

Many years afterwards, Ruskin, following the bent of his own peculiar ideas as to publishing books, transferred his copyrights from Smith, Elder, & Co. to the care of his engraver, Mr. George Allen, who henceforth issued them. By this means the later years of the author of *Modern Painters* were needfully enriched, after the spending or giving away of a fortune approaching one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and a now flourishing publishing business was founded. The vitality of Ruskin's works is shown from the fact that one London bookseller lately took orders for the new collected edition to the extent of three thousand pounds. George Smith gave George Eliot seven thousand pounds for *Romola*, but declined *Felix Holt*, which went to Blackwood's, her first publishers. Tennyson declined a proposal from Smith for a poem of the same length as *Idylls of the King*, for which he was offered five thousand pounds. The poet, however, sent "Tithonus" to the *Cornhill*.

Dr. Donald Macleod, in the biography of Norman Macleod, tells us that when his brother was editor of *Good Words* he had asked a well-known novelist, a personal friend for whom he had the greatest respect, to furnish him with a story for the following year,

When the novel was submitted and read, Macleod decided that it was unsuitable for the magazine, although its tone was all right; "but as all its religious people were drawn of a type which justly deserved the lash of the satirist, he felt that to publish it in *Good Words* would be to lend the sanction of its conductors to what he had long considered the injustice of modern novelists in ignoring healthy Christianity." The editor had a friendly conference with the novelist, and found that there had been a misunderstanding. The matter, however, did not end here. Determined not to compromise the character of the magazine, editor and publisher agreed to pay the forfeit of five hundred pounds, and the story was declined. The name of the novelist was not given, but will be found in the *Life of Millais*. This is how Anthony Trollope—for it was he—relieved his feelings, however, in a private note to John Everett Millais, who was to have supplied illustrations for the story:

"June 4th, 1863—X— has thrown me over. They write me word that I am too wicked. I tell you at once, because of the projected and now not to be accomplished drawings. They have tried to serve God and the devil together, and finding that goodness pays best, have thrown me over, and the devil. I won't try to set you against them, because you can do Parables and other fish fit for their nets; but I am altogether unsuited to the regenerated. It is a pity they did not find it out before."

We need hardly remark, forty years later, how much public opinion and the usage of publishers has moved away from this point of view.

And yet, three years before, Mr. George Smith insisted on having a "clerical story" from Anthony Trollope for the first year of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the sale of which then mounted

up to one hundred and twenty thousand copies.

It requires great tact to write about Robert Burns so as not to inflame the susceptibilities of Scotsmen. R. L. Stevenson, in the articles which he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was extremely plain-spoken. Professor Baynes, thinking this would not do, paid for the article, although he returned it to the author. It is printed in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. Stevenson's essay on Raeburn was several times rejected. George MacDonald's *David Elginbrod*, which was accepted by Hurst & Blackett on the recommendation of Mrs. Oliphant, showed on the wrappings that it had been frequently rejected. Smiles's first book, *Physical Education*, was rejected by William Chambers because he had something of the same kind on hand.

To-day, the attitude of author and publisher has changed since Defoe hawked *Robinson Crusoe* over all the London trade, and sold it at last to William Taylor for an old song. The publisher reaped a good harvest, and there were ten imitations of the book within a brief period. Now the publisher courts the successful author: by means of the literary agent his wares are sold to the highest bidder and prices forced up artificially. Whether this is healthy or not is doubtful; but the author is saved much trouble. A successful novelist usually has all his possible work engaged for half-a-dozen or more years ahead. Nemesis is on his track, however, if there should be over-production, and literary reputations are now remarkably short-lived. It is the unknown genius and the amateur, apparently, who now stand most chance of rejection. The successful author has only too many doors open, with the temptation to over-write and over-produce. Much writing is now done to the order of the publisher.

When he is wise for himself, the author may checkmate the publisher and refuse to do work that is not his best. Any means that lessen the production of useless books and articles should be

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welcomed, and there is only one way for the publisher and editor with perhaps over 90 per cent. of what is offered.

THE ARCHDEACON'S TRIUMPH.

(A COLONIAL SKETCH.)

It is legendary in Bergsdorp that Anthony Trollope once visited it and described it as "a beautiful corpse." He added a rider to the effect that the inhabitants dined off mutton six days out of every week; a libel which the Archdeacon firmly denies, saying plaintively, "And we gave him such a beautiful lunch,—at least the best we could!" All who have lunched at the Archdeacon's ("It is lunch when there is company, my dear, but dinner when we are by ourselves," murmurs Miss Betty) will feel sure that Trollope's implied stigma was undeserved. There may have been mutton, but if so it was very good, and at the other end of the table there must have been a couple of tender chickens or a fat young turkey. The Archdeacon carves these with old-fashioned precision, and no visitor ever gets a drumstick. The first part of Trollope's accusation is better founded. Bergsdorp is certainly a backwater in the busy whirl of modern life. It is an old bit of the colony, and owes to early settlers its beautiful avenue of oaks, standing like sentinels on either side of a broad red road,—the High Street of Bergsdorp—and sheltering the low white houses which straggle along on either side. Most of the houses have a grass-plot and a few over-grown rose-bushes in front, where in England would be a trim flower-garden. Flowers grow so abundantly in the open country and in every little ravine on the sides of the mountains that it is

not thought worth while to cultivate them. If they are wanted for interior decoration, an armful of arum lilies is picked from the banks of the stream that meanders behind the village, where they grow not merely wild but rampant.

The colors of Bergsdorp are red, green, and white,—the red of the soil, the vivid green of oaks and grass and the duller green of eucalyptus, and the white of many whitewashed houses, with quaint gables, erratic windows, and the ever-hospitable *stoep* (veranda) on which the families gather of a summer's evening. I regret to say that the harmony of this picture has been broken up. Till recent years the march of progress had left Bergsdorp (architecturally) alone. Nobody wanted anything better than a one-story house, all the rooms leading out of each other, with thatched roofs, small-paned windows, and rounded gable-ends. The Archdeacon's house is comparatively modern and lacks the thatched roof and gable-ends, though it is long and low, with a wide veranda on which the windows and doors open. It outrages popular taste by being washed a pale coffee-color, but otherwise it is a plain, unoffending building, and the air of homely old-fashioned gentility is carried out in the interior. There are hundreds of parsonages in the old country with just such leather-seated mahogany chairs in the dining-room, and precisely similar rosewood tables in the drawing-room, while the shabby

well-beloved books, the faded delicate water-colors on the wall, are all familiar objects; but in a new country,—for this country is still new despite its one hundred and fifty years of history—they have a pathetic suggestion about them. The modern houses of Bergsdorp are very different. The colony is now in the middle-Victorian period as regards artistic development, and the result displays itself in solidly built villas with bow-windows, in gaily striped verandas and ornamental railings of cast iron, and in suites of drawing-room furniture in black and gold, with yellow and brown plush covers. I dare not descend to even worse details of the architectural decay that has attacked Bergsdorp, for fear that I should spoil your impression of it, but must hint that it has taken the painful form of corrugated iron. All this change, however, rolls past the Archdeacon and his house without affecting him in the least, for there have been few great changes for him since he came to Bergsdorp. Many years ago he was a gay, handsome, high-spirited lad at college, the President of the Oxford Union, where among others he presided over his Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and still remembers many shrewd remarks of that royal undergraduate.

The Archdeacon was still young when he came to Bergsdorp forty years since, and was chained to the spot by some fascination of the mountains. He has preserved his youth, though time has bent his thin shoulders, drawn wrinkles round the merry brown eyes, and provided him with the most preposterous greenish-brown wig in the place of his once curly auburn locks. Nothing can be stranger in a land of paradox than to find this man in this country. It is a fair country—there is none fairer or more fruitful in its way; but it has so far reared a race of solid, self-sufficient people, nourished in a

cold and narrow creed, cunning as men may well be whose fathers learned to outwit not only Nature but the black man and savage beast in the struggle for existence, sluggish as are only those to whom an equable and beneficent climate makes life easy and comfortable.

Now, circumstances have made the Archdeacon a priest of the Anglican Church, or, as I think he would say (for he was not caught up by the Oxford Movement), of the Protestant Church. But in spirit he is an *abbé* of the old French school, with all the charm, culture, and delicate perception but without the coarser vices. Unlike the average *abbé*, he has enjoyed the advantages of association with clever and virtuous women,—a stately, handsome, energetic mother who died at eighty-six, and the bright, refined, housewifely sister, whose smooth cheeks and upright figure even now belie her three-score years and ten. To hear the Archdeacon talk is to return to the middle of last century when conversation was not yet a lost art, when people told excellent anecdotes with Latin quotations in them, and expressed themselves in good English, occasionally rounding off with a line from Shakespeare. The gods *were* gods in those days and were taken seriously; but I fancy the Archdeacon was always a bit of a wag, for he twinkles suspiciously every now and then as he recalls heroic figures and quotes historic words. Still more does he twinkle over the little backslidings of his flock and their relations to their pastor. He notes, with an amused tolerance, their puzzlement over some of his profoundest pulpit-efforts and their cravings for shorter and more emotional services; but there is not the faintest trace of intellectual vanity about the man.

Once a year the Archdeacon goes for change of air to a village some seven miles off, where he does a little ama-

teur farming and is much pleased at his own success. The rest of the year, except for his archidiaconal visitations, finds him at Bergsdorp, very busy in the mornings over trifles of parish and domestic life, visiting his flock when there is any sickness, and giving of his substance with unscientific disregard for economic principles. On Sundays he preaches long and difficult sermons, standing upright in the little stone pulpit of his pretty church, all the colors of the rainbow dancing on his wig from the beautiful old thirteenth-century Belgian window that is as unexpected in this land of Phillistinism as the Archdeacon himself. In politics he belongs to the old Tory school and knows nothing of recent party divisions; in religion he is a broad-minded, Nature-loving, Christianized philosopher, in everything a gentleman,—here is the Archdeacon whom to know is to love.

"My dear," said the Archdeacon to a young lady who was calling on him, "have you ever been to a mission? Yes? Well, I have not; but this week we are to have a mission here, so I am to enjoy the benefit of a new experience." It was obvious that the Archdeacon was somewhat sceptical about the permanent benefit likely to accrue from an emotional awakening among his parishioners; but still a tremor of excitement penetrated the quiet parsonage, and both the old man and his sister were evidently a little fluttered by the event, and by the arrival of a young missionary from England. "They tell me," said the Archdeacon, with a twinkle, "that he is what is called a muscular Christian, and would not stand even at knocking a man down. His language in the pulpit is very strong; I mean, of course, that he uses very plain, unconventional language, and would not hesitate to speak of a spade as a spade."

The possibilities of such a daring

preacher evidently caused much speculation in other breasts than those of the Archdeacon and his sister, and the congregation that flocked to St. Mark's on Sunday morning was such as Bergsdorp had never seen before. The missionary was a tall, broad, bearded man of about thirty, speaking with the unmistakable accent of the English public-school, which sounds curiously crisp beside the Colonial drawl. His sermon electrified the congregation, and tickled the Archdeacon vastly, after he had got over the first shock of hearing any one talk public-school slang in the pulpit. After reading a text in an ordinary conversational way ("not at all a 'Bible voice,'" murmured the Archdeacon's sister) he remarked that he proposed to start the mission by beginning at the very beginning, and that he took to be sin; if there was no sin there would be no mission, so we had better find out what sin was. At this interesting, albeit somewhat unoriginal, suggestion of a metaphysical speculation the Archdeacon cocked an ear, but no intellectual subtleties or doctrinal definition rewarded him. "Sin," said the missionary in an off-hand way, "is doing the thing we know perfectly well to be wrong,—and we all *do* know when it is wrong,—and as we all do this every day we are all sinners, every one of us. I'm a sinner, you're a sinner; only, as I'm a clergyman and wear a surplice and am stuck up here to preach to you, I'm on the whole the worst sinner of the lot. I'm a representative sinner," concluded the missionary with evident satisfaction.

The atmosphere of the Mile End Road crept into the little church and clung around the figure of this modern Christian, the muscular, straightforward, unsentimental parson. The rest of the church sat in darkness, or rather in the beautiful, baleful tropical sunshine. The local townsfolk and farmers, with their narrow provincial out-

look on life, their peaceful, commonplace faces, and their spiritual sluggishness undisturbed by vital struggles either of good or evil,—these sat still and listened, while the sturdy missionary brought them the gospel he had preached in Whitechapel or Poplar to the over-crowded, strenuous children of a great city, whose outlook on life is as narrow in its way but of a different scope, seeing only human nature at its worst. I doubt if the plain language with which he denounced sin brought home the conviction of sinfulness to those country-bred folk. He spoke of temptations which were outside their ken, of depths of degradation which their imagination could not plumb. "We are all miserable sinners," boomed the missionary, and the congregation assented cheerfully. Human nature is the same in all climes and in all places, but one must touch it in different spots. At any rate a sense of being agreeably titillated by this strange sermon and a little (pleasantly) shocked every now and then by the missionary's plain-speaking pervaded the church. It was like taking a shuddering glimpse into a wicked and exciting world; it was as thrilling as a novel. "So different from the Archdeacon," was the general verdict as the people walked or drove home.

The evening service drew a crowd such as no church in Bergsdorp had ever seen before. Pews being filled and the half-dozen rush-bottomed emergency chairs, the ancient mahogany dining-room chairs from the parsonage began to make their appearance, borne aloft over the heads of the congregation and heartlessly placed in the full glare of the chancel, where their weak and shabby points were mercilessly exposed, to Miss Betty's chagrin. The missionary began his sermon by reading out a question which an anonymous seeker after truth had sent him,—a thrill passed through the congregation

as he read it out—"Is dancing sinful?" Now this is a knotty point which has agitated Bergsdorp more than the most urgent political or agricultural crisis. "Is dancing sinful?" said the missionary. "Well, since you ask me, I can only answer most distinctly, no, it isn't! When I get back to my own parish in London it will be nearly Christmas, and we shall be having all sorts of festivities in connection with our church clubs and guilds, and I expect that almost every one of these will end up with a dance, often kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning."

What a vision of dissipation! What a bewildering chaos of ideas,—the Church itself organizing entertainments which should end up with all-night dancing! It is only in the native locations that Bergsdorp has ever heard of dances which last till three or four o'clock; the modest Cinderellas in which the white people rarely indulged, half nervous at their own spiritual temerity in dancing at all, seemed tame indeed beside this dazzling picture. But alas for the young folk of Bergsdorp whose toes were itching for the gay and giddy dance, the missionary, acting perhaps on the principle that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept, gave no further light on this vexed subject. It was finished so far as he was concerned. The sermon which followed was not quite so thrilling as that of the morning,—perhaps we were becoming more used to the method—although it dealt with the rather abstruse point "What is God?" and settled it (in easy words of two syllables) entirely to the satisfaction of the missionary. The Archdeacon pushed his wig very much on one side in an attempt to scratch his bump of veneration.

Next day some of the congregation met the missionary at lunch at the Archdeacon's hospitable board. The dear old man is at his best when he enter-

tains. We went in to lunch arm-in-arm, the order of precedence being carefully studied. The missionary was attired in a Norfolk jacket, brown boots and khaki *putties*,—the reason for this costume not being very obvious, since he was not going to ride, or to walk farther than across the road. The conversation ranged chiefly round his experience of the country, particularly among some of the miners, with whom he had spent several weeks and whom he pronounced "rattling good fellows." He drank whisky and soda-water, tossing it off while his big, light blue eyes sparkled and his yellow beard shone in the sunlight, so that he might almost have stood for one of the gods of Valhalla. We were all fascinated by this big, careless Englishman,, so completely sure of himself, so imperturbably, calmly certain as to every word and gesture. Very soon the Archdeacon told his best story, about a politician and a gold snuff-box (an historical incident), full of quiet delicate humor but utterly lacking in extravagance or the touch of unexpected burlesque which is essential to the modern story. We all laughed heartily at the right place, but our muscular parson looked with pained abstraction at his plate. Later on he also told us a story, in which his own broad tolerance as to religious views was illustrated by the request of a ritualistic parson, for whom he was preaching, that he should wear a cope in the procession. "'My dear old chap,' said I, 'I will wear my pyjamas if you like, but I haven't the faintest idea what a cope is.'" Bergsdorp felt more than a little shocked. No one could have imagined the Archdeacon mentioning his sleeping-attire before ladies, and yet the missionary was so evidently a well-born and well-educated man, belonging indeed to a much greater world than ours. Now, among our ranks was a stranger, a lady who was not at all puzzled or

awed by the missionary. She asked him off-hand questions about his parish, mentioned various societies of which they were both members, and people known to them. Finally she tackled him for misquoting Shakespeare in his last-night's sermon and, giving him the context, pleaded that he had misread the poet. Driven to bay, he took refuge in a lightly uttered scoff at the immortal Bard, whom he characterized as a highly overrated individual. "After all, he says nothing we don't know, and every one of his characters is just a natural, ordinary person; I know far finer ones in the Mile End Road." "I envy you," said the lady: "Rosalind, Juliet, Beatrice, Hamlet, Prospero, Henry the Fifth—finer characters than these! You are fortunate in your environment." "Oh, well, I agree with Bernard Shaw," began the missionary, but the Archdeacon could bear it no longer. He had put on his spectacles and he now fixed the missionary with a glittering eye as he said in his slow, quavering old voice with its delicate intonation: "Shakespeare says nothing we don't know? Well, perhaps you will grant that he says it better than any one before or since. You preached last night about conscience; who can bring home to us better than Richard the Third what conscience means to the guilty?"

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues
And every tongue brings in a several tale,

and so on to the end of the passage. He declaimed this with the utmost impressiveness, his opponent standing his ground firmly with an air of pained respectfulness, the tolerance due to old age. But the Archdeacon's triumph was yet to come.

The same irrepressible stranger ventured a remonstrance on the curt manner in which the subject of dancing

had been dismissed. "If you only knew what a burning topic it is here, and what serious principles are involved,—almost a national question indeed—you would not have thrown away so easily the opportunity for putting the subject in a rational light." The missionary replied with some heat: "Well, I think when an idiotic question like that is asked the best thing is to knock it down flat. I've been asked that several times before, and I believe I've done the English Church a good turn,—lots of people who want to dance will come to us now. Anyway, I spoke

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out just what I thought,—as if dancing in itself could be sinful!" "You spoke, I suppose," interpolated the Archdeacon softly, but with malicious intent in his twinkling eyes, "as a representative sinner."

It is too early yet to judge the spiritual effect of the mission upon Bergsdorp, but the Archdeacon remarks slyly that it is a great thing to have a new experience when one is seventy-five; and his sermon last Sunday had quite a ring of youthfulness about it and included several quotations from Shakespeare.

E. C.

WALT WHITMAN.*

Mr. Binns tells us in his preface that this book is "a biographical study from the point of view of an Englishman, yet of an Englishman who loves the Republic." Also that he has sought to describe Whitman as a man, "but as a man of special and exceptional character, a new type of mystic or seer." He never knew Whitman himself, but he is acquainted with many of Whitman's friends, who have imparted their knowledge to him freely. The result is a book of some interest and value, which yet has a few of the faults common to most biographies. In the first place, it is too long. Mr. Binns has tried to study Whitman in relation to his time; and he has, therefore, "ventured to remind the reader of some of those elementary facts of American history of which we English are too easily forgetful." That is all very well; but Mr. Binns's love of the Republic has sometimes carried him away into political and social digressions which have no more to do with Whitman than with any other vigorous American

of his time. Mr. Binns, also, is not a master of the arts of narrative and exposition. He turns restlessly from one subject to another. He repeats himself, especially in those remarks upon Whitman's philosophy which are scattered too much at random about the book; and his generalities and particularities are not arranged to illustrate each other so well as they might. Yet with these faults the book has considerable merits. It is the work of a writer whose main object is to discover and express the truth about his subject, to explain Whitman rather than to glorify him. It is clear that Mr. Binns has spared no pains to learn all that he could about Whitman, and the information he gives us, though not always very well arranged, is often both curious and new. He tells us a great deal that is little known, in England at any rate, about Whitman's early life—about the time when, like many young Americans, he was turning from one employment to another, from a lawyer's office to a printer's, from teaching to journalism, from carpentering to nursing in the hospitals, then to jour-

* "A Life of Walt Whitman." By Henry Bryan Binns. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

nalism again, and, finally, to a Government office, doing his work well all the while and acquiring much varied experience, not with the object of writing about it, but merely to earn a living and to satisfy his restless energies.

Whatever he did, he seems by his character to have impressed all kinds of men who knew nothing of his writings. Lincoln, meeting him in the street, asked who he was, and said that he looked like a man, at any rate. He went everywhere and was at his ease with everybody, from Lord Houghton, whom he entertained with roast apples, to the prisoners in the gaols. There is one obscure passage in his life about which Mr. Binns can give us little but conjecture. At the age of twenty-nine he went to New Orleans as a journalist. New Orleans with its southern life and climate made him suddenly aware, Mr. Binns thinks, of the power and delight of his senses. Till then he had been something of a Puritan, had written a tale about the evils of drink, and generally had been inclined to identify pleasure with sin. New Orleans, however, was full of pleasures that allured him, and he is said to have lived there with a woman of higher rank than his own, who bore him a child but refused to marry him. The whole matter was left obscure by Whitman, though he appears to have dropped some hints about it in conversation, with the result that so much is known that it would be well if all were known. This is what happens too often in such cases. Enough is revealed for scandal, but not enough for enlightenment. Mr. Binns is far from a scandalmonger. His only object is to discover the truth, but in this case he has not discovered enough to serve any useful purpose.

The chief event in Whitman's life, however, was his service in the hospitals during the war, and of that we know enough to be sure that it de-

serves all our admiration. He had published the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," containing what was afterwards called the "Song of Myself," some years before; but it was this experience that made him truly acquainted with life and death, and able to speak of both with authority and not as the Pharisees. Men in their worst troubles are apt to turn away impatiently from the admonitions of—

High philosophy, less friend than foe,
Whom self-caged passion, from its
prison bars,
Is always watching with a wondering
hate.

What does this cold dreamer know about it all? they ask. No one would put that question about Walt Whitman. Whatever fault may be found with his manner of speech or with his ways of thought, it is clear that he speaks and thinks out of his own experience, that he has seen fearful things and remained undismayed by them. We could tell that from his book without the help of a biographer; and that is the reason why his words have so much weight and consolation for us. There never was a writer able to take such liberties with his readers as Walt Whitman takes. No one can read him without being amazed at the tricks he plays both with language and thought, and at the impunity with which he plays them. The reason of that impunity is clear as soon as it is looked for. He is a man who has learnt in the hardest school how to live well, and who is trying to communicate his learning to us. He may do it queerly and clumsily; he may call a corpse a cadaver and democracy his femme; he may enumerate all the States of the Union and half the utensils in the dictionary by the way. But we suffer even his catalogues gladly, because they seem to be a symptom of that desirable state of mind which he

is trying to communicate to us. Indeed, we almost enjoy these endless repetitions as we enjoy the spectacle of a child doing the same thing a hundred times over from sheer joy of life.

There are, of course, men who have experienced as much as Whitman and as bravely, yet who could convey no assurance of their experience in their writings. That Whitman is able to convey such an assurance is a proof that he is, in his way, a good writer. He uses language as no one else has used it. His vocabulary is as full of strange immigrants as New York itself. Words for him have no literary connections, no pedigrees whatever; there are no traditions of literature either in prose or verse that will justify his way of writing. But then he is trying to do something which no writer before him has attempted. He is trying to speak of life, not as a professional writer, but as a professional liver. He has not enough command of the arts either of poetry or of philosophy to compete with the great poets and philosophers. But he has something which few of them have possessed—a profound faith in life, based upon an experience both rich and hard. His object, therefore, is to communicate his faith to us by convincing us of the reality of the experience upon which it is built. He speaks to us of life like some traveller returned from a country full of wonders and perils, who, by showing us the wounds he has suffered there and the treasures he has brought home, more surely than by the most eloquent description, convinces us that he knows that country indeed. As Socrates avoided the manner of a professional philosopher because that manner was associated in the minds of his hearers with the kind of glib theorizing against which he set his face, so Whitman has rejected all the traditional arts of literature because they are not calculated to give him the par-

ticular kind of authority with his readers which he wishes to possess. The authority of a poet is in his art; the authority of a philosopher is in his reasoning. It matters nothing to their readers what kind of men they really were. But Whitman is always endeavoring to convince by his own example. This is my faith, he says; I have tested it in my life and found it good. I, Walt Whitman, am the product of that faith and the proof that it is the true faith. He is not a complete philosopher, because his main object is not to convince by reason; and he is not a complete poet, because he does not try to say what he has to say perfectly. Indeed, the very imperfection of his expression is one of the means by which he persuades us of his authority. His business, we feel, is living, not writing; and he comes to us hot from life, to tell us about it as best he can. "I say," he remarks in "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads," "I say the profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect or supply something polished and interesting, nor even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous and clean manliness, religiousness, and to give him good heart as a radical possession and habit." This passage makes his purpose quite clear. We may remark, by the way, that the great tragic poets fulfil that purpose more certainly, if more indirectly, than he does, by the mere fact that they make the highest poetry out of life's worst calamities. The death of Lear and the end of *Œdipus* uplift our souls more than all the direct exhortations of Whitman. Yet, as he remarks, "the poetic area is very spacious—has room for all—has so many mansions." That it takes all sorts to make a world is the burden of much of his writing; and he is certainly one of the last men

that we could spare out of the world.

Whitman was certainly a man of the world, at his ease with all men and in all circumstances. Yet he was a man of the world after the manner of Socrates rather than of Aristippus; and it is worthy of remark that, if he had been a man of the world and nothing more, his authority and experience would have had no more weight than those of Lord Chesterfield. It is because he was a man of the world, who yet was convinced of the mystery and high significance of life, that we listen eagerly when he speaks. We want some one who really knows life to tell us that it is not a piece of blind mechanism; but we get no comfort from the assurances of men who know less of life than we do. We have little faith in the marvels that men see when they blink by themselves in darkness; but Whitman saw marvels as he walked the street by daylight. He was a mystic, but his mysticism did not refute itself by making him unfit for the ordinary conditions of life. It was based upon the fullest experience of those conditions and upon an exultant submission to them. He knew men and how to manage them better than any worldling; and he is as artful, in his simple way, as any preacher in his manner of addressing us "as man to man." An old farmer from Georgia remarked that Emerson's writings "set his soul nagging after him," whereas Whitman's were soothing to it. Whitman's manner of soothing the soul is not to make any mean concessions to its weakness, but to ease it of superfluities. "I think I could turn and live with animals," he says; "they are so placid and self-contained." For, he continues:—

They do not sweat and whine about
their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and
weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing
their duty to God.

But then he would not be indifferent,
like the animals—

Agonies are one of my changes of garments,

I do not ask the wounded person how
he feels, I myself become the
wounded person.

Though sure that many things about which men fret themselves are of no account, he is no less sure of the vast importance of others which many men ignore; and he would ease us of what does not matter, so that we may feel the full weight of what does matter. There are writers who seem to do nothing but pile new duties upon us, who are always telling us that life is a much harder business than we in our light-mindedness suppose. Such writers we respect and recommend to our friends. But Whitman is a writer who, whether he heartens or reviles us, always seems to say things which bear upon our own case.

Who are you that wanted only to be
told what you knew before?
Who are you that wanted only a book
to join you in your nonsense?

You recognize your own case at once and listen. "Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical nude." He is speaking of himself, but the words apply admirably to mankind in general. In fact, when he rebukes you he is rebuking himself also. He writes as much for his own benefit as for yours; he does not pretend to have accomplished his own reformation before he sets out to reform the world. Even the gross imperfections of his manner of speech are a proof that he puts himself and his reader on the same level. He assumes that his reader, like himself, has a conscience which must be convinced that a burden is unnecessary before it can be cast off. When he has

convinced his own conscience, he casts the burden off, and gives a joyful shout to tell you the welcome news. But his burdens are dropped only that he may advance the quicker to the celestial city; and he laughs at much of our common morality, because it seems to him to have created many of the bogeys that infest the journey thither.

The continence of vegetables, birds,
animals,
The consequent meanness of me should
I sculk or find myself indecent.

So he heartens himself against one of these bogeys. But it is always to be remembered that, since he makes his own morality for himself, he does not make it for others. It is a cardinal point in his doctrine that each man must be different from all the rest and content in his difference. "Do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else." But, that being so, each man must discover the law of his own being and act in accordance with it. There are certain great facts of life, and of these Whitman is ready to assure us again and again; but he cannot tell us how we are to adapt our own strength and weakness to these facts—he can only tell us how he adapts his own strength and weakness. There is, of course, some danger of his being misunderstood. "Children of Adam" could do no harm to a healthy mind; but then many minds are not healthy. Whitman, however, would have said that, if people misunderstood him, it was their fault, not his. "Literature," he has remarked, "is always calling in the doctor for consultation and confession, and always giving evasions and swathing suppressions in place of that heroic nudity on which only a genuine diagnosis of serious cases can be built." He does not profess to be a doctor. At least he prescribes no drug for diseased souls, but only exercise and diet for healthy ones;

and he addresses himself to the healthy because he believes in the predominant health of the world.

Whitman sometimes set up to be a new kind of poet; and he really did provide some new materials for poetry, though he did not always make poetry of them himself. Much of his writing reads like extracts from a poet's notebook. There are happy phrases struck out but not yet provided with a context; and there are fragments of finished poetry which stand out strangely among the rough material that surrounds them. Most of the finished poetry, by the way, is on themes familiar to the poets. Here, for instance, are two fine lines from "By Blue Ontario's Shore":—

If we are lost, no victor else has destroyed us.
It is 'by ourselves we go down to eternal night.

But then follows a passage of mere affirmations which sound as if they came from the Athanasian Creed:—

Have you thought there could be but
a single supreme?
There can be any number of supremes.
One does not countervail another
Any more than one eyesight counter-
vails another, or one life coun-
tervails another.

Poetry might be made of this; but, as it stands, it is a mere dogmatic statement, only of interest because we have Whitman's authority for it. He is too full of such statements to have much time to make poetry out of them. He is too quick to say what he thinks and what he feels to be able to think and feel simultaneously, which is the only process by which poetry can be produced. He often merely tells us what his emotions are, utters simple outcries and ejaculations. These are not poetry any more than laughter or tears are poetry. The poet does not merely tell us that he is happy or sad; he ex-

presses his happiness or his grief in words, and since words are the instruments of thought, this means that he must express his emotions in terms of thought. Sometimes Whitman does this; and then he is a poet, though still in the imperfect form which his usual habits of composition imposed upon him. It is clear that the reason why he did not attempt to write formal poetry, except in a few unsuccessful examples, was not really because he thought the fetters of verse were not to be endured by the poet of "these States," but because he was seldom in the state of mind which produces formal poetry. He was not possessed

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by the poet's passion for perfect and complete expression of his feelings and thoughts. He was usually content to dogmatize, to make a series of statements about life or about himself, which, like the facts of life, remain rough material for any poet who may choose to use them. Yet he has managed to convince us so thoroughly of his wisdom and veracity that these statements seem to us to have the value of the facts of life themselves. It is Whitman himself who tells in his book; and his art, different from that of every other writer, is the art of making the force of his character felt in every word that he writes.

A BOOKE OF MARTYRS.

Writt by William Ashton, gentleman, secretary to his Grace the Duke of Monmouth.

Foreasmuch as men's minds be now much busied with those two noble Princes and upholders of the Protestant faith, his Highness Prince Rupert and his Grace the Duke of Monmouth (my very good lord and gracious master), I have thought it not amiss to set down certain particulars of a conversation held betwixt them on the first day of October in the year 1673; nor do I, as I conceive it, fall in my duty in so doing, being that the talk is in no fashion to their discredit, but witnesseth rather to their honor.

It so chanced that I was in attendance on my lord the Duke when he went, as is very much his custom, to have speech of his kinsman, Prince Rupert, in the great Round Tower at Windsor, where his Highness, as Constable of the Castle, hath his dwelling. The day being sunny, the two paced for a while on the battlement outside his Highness's rooms, and then went within, leaving me to await their pleas-

ure. For a time I looked out on the park, all golden with the autumn, marking the spot where my lord and his Royal Highness the Duke of York had of late held that formidable show—the mimic siege of Maestricht. Then, wearying of the fair prospect, I turned and looked through the casement to discover was my lord ready to depart.

Now let none hold me guilty of eavesdropping, for, indeed, my presence there was well known, but his Grace was ever wont to confide in me; while, to say truth, I think that his Highness troubled himself no more concerning me than had I been a dumb beast, like to the great deerhound which lay couched by his chair, and followed his every movement with eager eyes and ears pricked.

A strange thing it is to observe the friendship which unites those so diverse great persons; and so I thought as I looked on them. My lord stood by the window, very splendid in his peach-bloom satin, wearing the diamond-hilted sword which was the gift of the French King. The sunlight was

on his comely youth; and methought so much grace, and beauty, and valorous spirit must be destined for great things, greater even, perchance—but my pen trips, and I would not write treason. As for his Highness, he is ever sombrely suited, and for the most part of a mood and countenance to mate therewith, but I saw his dark eyes smile as he glanced on my master.

"How now, James?" said he. "Have you found a play or a love song among my maps that you stand thus wrapt?"

So speaking, he rose up, his hound instant at his heels, and came to stand at my lord's side. He overtopped him by two hands' breadth, and in his dark attire, with his worn and haughty countenance, meseemed he might have stood in some court masque for the Past set over against the fair Future. But I prate.

"What have you there?" says his Highness.

The room, which was one of many angles, had an array of books—mighty dull they looked—to the one side, and on the wall were many prints and charts of his Highness's voyages; while through an open door showed the red glow of his furnace, whereat he uses to practise strange experiments in chymics which have won for him the fame of wizardry. My lord, who is ever restless and curious of novelty, had plucked down a volume from among the rest, and was glancing now at the leaves, anon at the cover. At his Highness's question he turned on him eyes full of laughter.

"Truly," he made answer, "I knew your Highness for soldier and admiral, philosopher and engraver, yet never before did I count you student of divinity. Yet see what I discover among treatises on navigation and chymics," and he read out from the page before him: "'Christ's Victorie over Sathan's Tyrannie; or, A Catalogue of all Christ's faithfull Souldiers that the

Divell either by his Grand Captains the Emperours or his derely beloved Sonnes and Heires the Popes—' Zounds, I can no more. 'Tis as long as one of my Lord Clarendon his speeches," and he flung back his head and laughed, whereat the Prince's hound, which is a misanthropic beast, did softly growl.

But his Highness took up the book with a strange gentleness, and returned him to his great chair, where he sat musing, while the hound, reading his mood, couched himself once more very still on the bear-skin sent as tribute from the new lands overseas.

"I knew not that the book was here," said he. "Mine old friend, Craven, must have brought it hither; he spake thereof to me."

"Is't a volume of magic?" asked his Grace, and smiled.

"Yes," said his Highness, very short; and sat silent, one hand on the stained leather of the binding.

His Grace sat him down in the window, fingering his periwig, and watched his cousin as I have seen him watch Betterton at the playhouse. I deem he waited for what should come, for on occasion his Highness will speak with sudden openness before him, though to most men he vouchsafes but a brief word or by times a laugh which stings.

But as the Prince spoke not, his Grace threw in a word below his breath.

"You said magic, sir?"

"Ay, magic," returned Prince Rupert, "for my youth is within the covers."

At which word I saw my master lift his eyebrows in gay mockage, as though he thought no man had ever been young before him and he should be young for ever.

Had his Highness seen the look, belike he had said no more, but he was staring on the book, and on a sudden turned it so as the sunlight fell on the arms stamped thereon in gold.

"You know them," said he; and the Duke answered lightly:

"The King's, whom heaven long preserve to his pleasures; and on a book of martyrs, 'tis a jest for Rochester."

"The King's," said Prince Rupert, "who hath gone to his own martyrdom," and before his eyes the Duke's laughter flickered suddenly and was gone. Truly, for his Highness Prince Rupert methinks there is no King but one, and he rests in Windsor vaults.

So my master, who doth fit himself winsomely to any man's humor, came up and laid his hand on the dim gold of the royal arms.

"So this was a book of King Charles of blessed memory," said he softly; and the Prince answered in the same fashion.

"Even so; and when first I saw it in his hand my years counted less than yours, and I thought," he smiled on my young lord with a kind of sad disdain, "I thought all my battles should be victories, as surely, James, as you think it now."

I saw a strange look cross his Grace's countenance; then he glanced down at Louis his diamond-hilted sword, and laid hand thereon as who should grasp victory.

"And yet," said he, "you have triumphed in the end. The King hath returned from his travels, and the fanatics are—where?" and he shrugged his shoulders, French fashion, and laughed.

"Not so far but we may need reckon with them again," returned his Highness sharply; and for a moment the fire of leadership was all alight in his face; then it fell quenched. "Ay," he said half aloud, "but in the old days we fought for King and faith in one."

With that he stopped, but I guessed at the thought half spoken; for truly in these troubled times all men fear the encroachments of Popery, the more so since that his Royal Highness the Duke

of York, brother and heir to his Majesty, is Papist open and avowed. Wherefore many which have a loyal heart to the throne be yet sore perplexed over the jeopardy of England's Protestant religion, some of which men do look toward his Grace my young master as the sole and secret hope of the realm, he being true Protestant and the King's first-born son. Yet inasmuch as his birth was not, to all our sorrows, in wedlock, or not proven so to have been, these be matters wherein no loyal man would meddle, he least of all. Yet maybe such reflections did cross my lord's mind, for somewhat of the boyhood went out of his face as he pondered. Then, quick and sudden, as one which putteth off heavy thoughts:

"But the book?" said he.

His Highness opened out the volume against the arm of his chair. I saw how the leaves fell apart at one place, as though wonted thereto. Still gazing thereon, he spoke in a low voice, very even, as I once heard a foreign necromancer speak which gazed into a magic crystal and described the sights therein.

"We had been hunting the deer all day in Windsor woods, and came back in the sunset. I thought never was so fair a land as England—ay, and I think it to-day. That night there was feasting and much merriment, and the Queen kept me at her side, and talked of the great deeds I should do overseas, for then 'twas planned that I should go as viceroy to some far islands. Of her Church, too, she talked, and of its might, yet its need of brave champions. I was but young, and all these things dazzled before me—" Here he fell silent, and I sat remembering a portrait which I had once seen of his Highness in early youth, very proud, for all its gracious comeliness.

My lord moved a little in his place, and toyed with the lace at his throat,

but he said naught; and at length the Prince spoke on:

"When I left the Queen and her ladies, I sought his Majesty, and found him in converse with a grave divine. Before him lay this book, and he smiled and said it was scarce like to take my fancy."

"As your Highness thought of me," threw in my lord; but I think not that the Prince heard him.

"I opened the book," said he, "and saw these pages which tell of Bohemia and of those which suffered there for the faith, of Huss and of Ziska, that great soldier who, blind, yet led his armies to victory. When I saw it I be-thought me how my father had held the crown of Bohemia for the Protestant faith, and even though he failed—And I took shame for the dalliance which was half-disloyalty. I turned the page to mine uncle, and he bade me keep the book. Sooth to say," and here his Highness laughed shortly, "I forgot it when next I got to horse; but Craven, good and true friend, who was with me even then, charged himself therewith. It was amongst papers and other possessions sent to me at Linz."

"Where you were prisoner, sir?" asked the Duke.

"Where I was three years prisoner," his Highness made answer, "because I would not yield to the Emperor and profess myself of the Church of Rome. I was of your age then, James, and three years at nineteen seem longer than at four-and-fifty."

"I could not have endured it!" cried my lord, and sprang to his feet, flinging back the casement like a man that seeks escape.

"And so said I," returned his Highness, "but there was no way out."

"You might—" began his Grace, and then checked himself and changed color. "No, you could not."

"I could not," said the Prince sim-

ply, "and yet one day—" He looked down on the old book and turned the pages softly. "I was mad with the sense of the bars that day. The governor had asked me to his table, and there was a priest there. They sent priests often to reason with me; the fools, which knew not that I could not yield to a threat even had they proved their Church to have the keys of heaven. But this man sought no disputation; he talked first of England, then of the wars, of great deeds done in battle, till my blood was fire. Then he fell to speaking of ancient times, and told of a prince and great soldier in Italy, an enemy of the Church—I did not note the name—which was made prisoner and so held for three-and-twenty years. I saw his eyes rest on me, and I was afraid. I have never known fear since then—save once."

"I have never known it," said my lord, and lifted his head, whereat his Highness smiled. "And then?" questioned his Grace.

Prince Rupert turned back to the book as though he read the story there.

"That night I withdrew my parole," he made answer; "it was easier to be prisoned by steel and stone than by mine own will. They set soldiers in my chamber to guard me. I would wake in the night and see the red gleam of their burning match, for they watched with matchlocks ready, like men on the eve of onset; and by day they were still there while I drew or diverted myself with my white dog—poor Boy, he died on Marston Moor with all our hopes." The Prince bent down and stroked his hound, which whined softly in answer and licked his hand. "The window looked inward to the castle court," he began anew. "I could see the folk walking there; sometimes Graf von Kuffstein's daughter would pass. We had been wont

to pace there together while she questioned me of my life."

Speaking, his voice had changed, and a look of youth come into his face. My lord the Duke eyed him covertly with a smile, and I deem had broken a jest, on any other man, but none jests against his Highness.

"And she, too, was Catholic?" he asked.

"Yes," said Prince Rupert. He made a long pause, and then took up his tale as though all the while he had been speaking. "And when I thought I must break forth at any cost, and yet would scarce look that thought in the face, I took forth the drawing where-with I had beguiled myself and came on this book." He touched the gilding on the cover. "All those good days in England rose up before me, and I—no matter for that."

"Could you read it, even in prison?" mocked my lord lightly.

His Highness smiled in answer. "'Tis dull reading enough, but here it speaks of that 'religion which the martyr did defend even to death.' The words cried shame on me for that I flinched. I gave my parole once more, and doubted not that I could wait till freedom came with honor."

"I, too, am of that faith," cried the Duke; and all his young face flushed. "And freedom came, sir, and the wars."

"And defeat, on which I had not so surely reckoned," said his Highness drily.

His Grace rose up and came to the Prince's side.

"Why have you told me this, *mon Cousin*?" he questioned. "'Twas not without a meaning, for you speak not lightly of your past."

"I am too old," said his Highness, "to think that one man can fight another's battles for him. Yet, James, there may be strife before us—I know not."

"Ah," said my master very soft and quick, "strife for the Protestant faith. But what if a man need choose between faith and King?"

"Thou art a child!" cried the Prince sharply. "Dally not with such doubts till the sword be at thy breast."

"My Lord Shaftesbury bids me think on them and be prepared," said my lord, "and the people cry out on the Papists. Sir, you are their idol as much because they know you do hate the French as because of all your sea-fights. 'Our admiral would be a noble king,' I heard one seaman say."

"Had I heard him he should have tasted the lash," his Highness made short answer.

"But Shaftesbury says," protested my lord, "that England will not brook a Papist king, or so, at the least, he fears; and you, sir, which have suffered for the Protestant cause—"

"And fought for my King," said Prince Rupert. "Shaftesbury fought for his enemies."

"You have worked with him," cried my lord in a pet.

"Ay, 'tis a subtle brain," returned his Highness, "and if I waited to work with men after my mind, God wot, I should be but idle. But I take not my rule of honor from Anthony Ashley Cooper."

"Honor is a word little in the mode," said his Grace whimsically.

"So is loyalty," returned Prince Rupert; "yet a man is a broken blade without it."

"Shaftesbury," began my lord, and laughed at his own word. "Nay, then, I'll e'en say it myself. I doubt a time may come when men's consciences may go against the King."

"So said the Roundheads which brought King Charles to the block," said Prince Rupert. "Lad, loyalty is easy when it bids a man draw sword, hard when it bids him sheathe it. But seek thou none other master."

"And religion?" questioned my lord, 'twixt laughter and earnest.

"The religion of my Lord Shaftesbury?" retorted his Highness. "I love not the piety which makes a text of rebellion."

"Why, then," said my lord, laughing outright, "you will not aid me, cousin, when I claim my birthright as Protestant King?"

The Prince sprang up, so that his hound, too, rose and growled. He laid a hand on the Duke's shoulder and looked him in the eyes.

"Did I believe there was such a purpose in the depths of thy heart," he said, with a deliberate passion, "then ere thou couldst dishonor the faith whereof thou pratest with treason, I would kill thee, James, with mine own hand."

My lord shrank from his cousin's

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grasp and look, and for a heart-beat methought there flashed into his eyes that fear which he had disclaimed. But that was folly, for in a breath he laughed.

"Cousin, cousin," he cried. "I vow my father would have taken the jest."

Prince Rupert did not answer, and looking in his face I at least feared.

His Grace bent down and took up the volume which had fallen to the ground.

"Your book of martyrs hath suffered," said he; "but what profit is it to me if I may not learn to play defender of the faith therefrom?"

"Learn loyalty," said his Highness Prince Rupert, and turned the book till the last glimmer of sunlight fell on the gilded arms of King Charles the Martyr.

Dora Greenicell McChesney.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

Yet once again in wintry ways

The gray world rolls its tale of days;

And though its breast be chill and froze,

Still holds the songs of Spring in store,

The Autumn rains, the Summer blaze.

Season to season, phase to phase

Succeed, and pass: what seems a maze

Is but Life's ordered course run o'er

Yet once again.

So, through this drear December haze,

We, fearless, turn our forward gaze,

As those who know, from days before,

What has been once will be once more,—

Good Hap or ill, and Blame, and Praise,

Yet once again!

Fall Mall Magazine.

Austin Dobson.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

The American railway industry does not differ in any material degree from other industries. Its prosperity is governed by the prosperity of the country and of the traders it serves, and railway presidents and directors have realized that they are bound to charge rates which will assist trade and commerce to expand. The railway industry has probably done as much as, or even more than, other industries towards building up the country's welfare; and the enlightened policy which has on the whole animated those who have controlled the railway industry has brought advantage and wealth to the country which cannot well be measured. The history of American railways does not in any degree confirm the theory that they have made, or are likely to make, rates which will hamper trade and prevent its expansion. On the contrary, the railway companies are aware that their permanent prosperity is governed by their ability to carry the largest possible quantity of traffic at the lowest possible cost, and to endeavor to give the best possible service to the community. The interests of the proprietors of the railways have been considered quite of secondary consideration compared with the need to build up the country's prosperity by carrying traffic at the lowest possible rates. And capital has at no time obtained any undue return from its investment in American railways. It is, of course, true that force of circumstances compelled many railways to provide the capital for constructing and equipping their system by issues of bonds, and to give away the stock as a bonus to those who took the risk of subscribing for the bonds. But the betterment outlays out of profits which have since been made,

and the reconstructions that have been effected, have long since provided as much capital as would have been subscribed had the nominal value of the stock been paid for in hard cash. Moreover, the growth of profits of American railways in recent years has been very largely brought about by improved methods of working and by the devotion of thought and labor to handling the traffic with the greatest possible efficiency and economy, and not to any appreciable increase in freight rates.

The report of the Great Northern Railway Company just to hand shows in a striking manner the policy which that Company has followed in the last 25 years to the immense advantage of the States it serves. In 1881 the average freight rate obtained by the Great Northern was 2.88 cents, while for the year ended June 30, 1905, the average was only .792 cent. This enormous reduction in rates means that for the past year the Company received a revenue of \$33,000,000, whereas had it maintained the rate it received in 1881 its freight revenue would have been \$120,000,000. Therefore shippers have not only gained the advantage arising from the provision of adequate transport facilities, but the community has gained \$87,000,000 by the reduction in rates. In other words, not less than nine-tenths of the advantage from the enormous growth of traffic and the increased skill and economy with which it was handled was derived by the people of the United States, and not by the railway Company and its stockholders. Against the growth of \$31,000,000 in the gross earnings of the Company has to be placed the very large increase in expenses caused by the immense expansion in the traffic

which left but a relatively small gain in net earnings in proportion to the growth of traffic. The advantage of \$87,000,000 saved to the community by the Great Northern's reduced rates was net gain. The comparison such as that made by Mr. Hill in the Great Northern report must fill the traders of this country with envy.

In Great Britain, where there has also been a very great growth in the density of traffic, and in low-class as well as in high-class freight, there have been practically no reductions in rates in the last 25 years, notwithstanding the fact that our railways are much more subject to Government control in the matter of rates than are American railways. Had American railways had to justify to the Interstate Commerce Commission all the rates they have charged from time to time in the last 25 years, it is certain that there would not have been so great a reduction as that which has occurred, and that the prosperity of the country would not have been built up so marvellously by low railway rates. The reasons for Government interference would become much more cogent if railway companies at the present time were displaying any indication of charging rates

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which would militate against the continued prosperity of the country, or were there justifiable grounds for supposing that natural forces would not continue to cause American railways to charge "reasonable rates." Rates for the carriage of coal have been raised, but they have been raised from rates so low as to barely cover expenses and to give practically no return upon capital after allowing for proper maintenance charges. Indeed, we should not use exaggerated language were we to say that the rates current in the eastern section of the country for the carriage of coal in 1899 were ruinous, and that had they not been restored they would have brought serious disaster to the various railways, and would have prevented the investment of additional capital in the Eastern roads for the provision of additional facilities, no matter how badly those additional railway facilities were needed by traders. The restoration of rates by the Eastern roads has enabled these companies to raise a vast amount of capital for the provision of additional facilities, facilities which are greatly contributing to the continued prosperity of the country.

"FIONA MACLEOD."

It was with feelings of sorrow mingled to a considerable extent with surprise, that I received a communication from Mr. Frank Rinder informing me that the well-known critic and *littérateur*, Mr. William Sharp, died in Sicily on Tuesday last. This, in itself, would have been a matter for genuine regret to one who has been interested in Mr. Sharp's career since those early days when he was best known as a figure in what was left of the small band of

Pre-Raphaelites; but what gave additional point to one's grief was that my correspondent was authorized by Mrs. Sharp to divulge the secret, known previously only within a very small circle, that William Sharp was the writer of every word that proceeded from the pen of "Miss Fiona Macleod." The circumstance will pass into literary history as one of the strangest incidents recorded. It is perfectly natural to draw a comparison between this case

and that of Macpherson and his Ossian, but the comparison would be misleading. Macpherson invented Ossian for the purpose of passing off certain of his own works as those of the ancient Gaelic Bards. What William Sharp did was quite different. He was one of those few people who seem to have inherited a dual personality, and he was able to keep its parts entirely separate. It was as if a man and a woman were joined together in one person—and it is of the woman that I would speak here. Probably there are not many editors who are better qualified to do so, since not only did a great deal of "Fiona Macleod's" printed matter pass primarily through my hands, but during the last few years, she (I cannot bring myself to say he) has been one of my most constant and voluminous correspondents. Indeed, the last book proceeding from that pen which will never be busy again was to have been dedicated to me, and perhaps there may be some interest in copying out what was said.

THE DEDICATION OF "THE HOUR OF BEAUTY."

Dear Mr. —, —To whom so fittingly as to you could I inscribe this book? It was you who suggested it; you who in — published at intervals, longer or shorter as the errant spirit of composition moved me, the several papers which make it one book; you without whose encouragement and good counsel this volume would probably not have been written. Then, perchance, it might have gone to that Y-Brasil Press in the Country of the Young wherefrom are issued all the delightful books which, though possible and welcome in Tír-na-n'Og, are unachieved in this more difficult world, except in dreams and hopes. It would be good to have readers among the kindly Shee . . . do not the poets there know an easy time, having only to breathe their thought on to a leaf and to whisper their music to a reed, and lo the poem is public from the caverns of Tír-fo-

tuinn to the hills of Flatheanas! . . . but, till one gets behind the foam yonder, the desire of the heart is for comrades here. These hours of beauty have meant so much to me, somewhat in the writing, but much more in the long, incalculable hours and days out of which the writing has risen like the blue smoke out of woods, that I want to share them with others, who may care for the things written of as you and I care for them, and among whom may be a few who, likewise, will be moved to garner from each day of the eternal pageant one hour of unforgettable beauty.

Fiona Macleod.

I had been greatly taken by some of the poems published in her early career, the first of which, by-the-by, came to me not through the original volumes but by way of a review which contained, amongst other things, lines that made an undying impression on my mind. I quote them from memory, but they run something like this:

Never shall I feel your lips in my hair,
Naming my name.

So "Fiona Macleod" was written to, and in due time replied, sending what I shall always consider one of the most beautiful of her poems, "Deirdre is Dead":

It is said that the dead sing, though
we have no ears to hear,
And that whoso lists is lict up of the
Shadow too, because of fear—

But this would give me no fear, that I
heard a sighing song from her lips:
No, but as the green heart of an up-
thrust towering billow slips

Down into the green hollow of the in-
gathering wave,
So would I slip, and sink, and drown,
in her grassy grave.

This poem was to be the precursor of many other pieces both in verse and prose. Personally I made no endeavor

to pierce the identity of my correspondent, although, by a curious coincidence, on one occasion a letter was forwarded to me dated from the very hotel at which I was staying. A glance at the visitors' book would probably have settled the matter there and then!

It is scarcely to be believed that a man could write as "Fiona Macleod" did. I remember I was once struck by a certain preciosity in my correspondent's language; and, partly to amuse her and partly to make a sudden break from the excessively choice language she was fond of employing, I wrote (she was staying in Italy for the sake of her health) that I hoped she was getting better and would come back "full of beans." Mr. Sharp—if he were Mr. Sharp—showed this letter to a number of Greek magnates with whom he was yachting at the time, and the result was several long pages of chaff about the difficulty experienced by these foreigners in understanding the slang phrase. The letter was most amusing, though one would not care to publish it now that the consent of the writer can no longer be obtained. It helped at the time, however, to fill out a picture of a remarkable mind.

Mr. Sharp did not so much play the part of a woman as show that there was a woman within him. The only danger of letting the secret out arose from certain of his tastes that had been developed in the literary life of London. Time was when Mr. Sharp was a central figure in the coteries of the capital. The company he was in the habit of meeting no doubt helped in a large measure to bring out the æsthetic side of his character; and his fine taste—not only in letters but in pictures and the ordinary things of life—which is plainly expressed in these letters, was not quite what one would expect in a woman who was supposed to spend the greater part of her life among wild Highlanders. Frequently, too, sen-

tences occurred that could not possibly have been written by any except one who had been in the habit of discussing details of book-production. Again, I have often found that original writers are absolutely ignorant of the more rudimentary work of journalism, and, if asked to do any of it, perform their task in a manner entirely their own and different from that of any one else. But on more than one occasion "Fiona Macleod" wrote in the tone of a practised and experienced reviewer. It was evident that work of this kind had been quite common to the writer at one period of her life. All the greater is the miracle. There is no doubt of the sincerity with which Mr. Sharp rendered the old Highland poetry and his impressions of sea and land. The natural history, too, was more accurate than is usual in a woman.

It is not for us to attempt at this hour any general appreciation of the work done by this dual writer. No one will deny the fact that some of the poems themselves, whatever were their origin, belong to the very highest rank, while the prose at its best will compare with that of any writer of the open air, of old. Nevertheless a certain languor had become noticeable of late: the writing grew more mannered, and it began to show evidence that the author was chewing the cud of ancient material rather than garnering new. It is, however, curious that the last four poems received by me from "Fiona Macleod" differ entirely in character from those that had been previously received—as if the writer had suddenly decided that a new departure was necessary. Would that we could have watched the new efforts of this versatile talent! We know that it would have been, in any case, interesting and distinguished: it might have added another page to the history of English Literature. But all this is

ended, and we must leave to another occasion the task of discussing the visible career of Mr. William Sharp. He interested me chiefly, I will not say

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only, when he appeared in the garb of a Highland seer and called himself "Fiona Macleod."

An Editor.

SEMPER EADEM.

We have sometimes thought, when reading *Legends of Sleepers* (of the seven of Ephesus, for instance, or of Rip van Winkle), that the surprise felt by them on awaking into a strange world has been exaggerated; that after a day or two the strangeness would wear off, and they would, in vulgar phrase, get into their stride again. "If," says Gibbon, "the interval between two memorable eras could be instantly annihilated; if it were possible, after a momentary slumber of two hundred years, to display the new world to the eyes of a spectator, who still retained a lively and recent impression of the old, his surprise and his reflections would furnish the pleasing subject of a philosophical romance." A sentence as plump and polished as its author. But Gibbon, who doubted of many things, would pardon us for being sceptical as to its truth, for thinking at least that it contains more romance than philosophy.

That there would be great outward changes is inevitable; cities where we remembered deserts, possibly deserts where we had seen cities. But would this surprise us? We should say "I see they have been building," or "I suppose they have had an earthquake," just as we do when we return to a place after ten years' absence. We ourselves remember Bexhill a pretty little village. Not wishing to be libellous, we will only say that when we last saw it, it was not a pretty little village. But though we were a little saddened, we were not at all surprised. The astonishment felt by the awakened

sleeper would be only at his own prolonged sleep. For it is we ourselves and our neighbors who really interest us, and when we found that we were the same, and that the men and women in the new world were just like them of old, we should not bother about such trifles as the felling of forests or the invention of telephones. "The proper study of mankind is man," and

*Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets
von gleichem Schlag
Und ist so wunderbarlich, als wie am
ersten Tag.*

No persecuting tyrant is likely to build us into a cavern as Decius did the saints of Ephesus, nor have we in our cellars any of that goblin Schnapps that lulled the sinner Rip. The only way in which to find out what our sensations would be is to look back into old records, and find how far the reflections induced by a bygone state of society fit the present. To this end the works of genius will not serve. Genius, *ex vi termini*, is for all time. It is a commonplace to say how "modern" Shakespeare is. Even Pepys had too much genius for our purpose. Old newspapers are the best field for exploration, just because written from day to day by men who commented on everyday matters, with no desire to say anything striking, and no more genius than we have ourselves.

We picked up the other day at a bookstall two small volumes (published by Pickering 1840) entitled "*The Table Talker of Brief Essays on Society and Literature.*" (We may observe that

we do not at all like the title. Table talk we are accustomed to from Luther to Hazlitt, but table talker?) The essays, most of them very short, were "written for the 'Morning Post,' begun in October 1838 and still continued." The author hopes that the republication may not "be attributed to any overweening opinion, on his part, of their merit." "It was suggested by many, and especially by one friend &c." "There is abundance of material for another series should the public &c." "In the meantime their indulgence is requested &c."

The work is anonymous, nor can we yet find out the author's name that we might give him due honor on the title-page of our copy, which we should like to do, for, "without any overweening opinion of their merit" the essaylets have amused us. And chiefly because they might have been written yesterday. The writer has probably been long at rest: if he got up to-morrow, he would say the same things over again.

Many of them are on moral subjects where we should not expect much change in the point of view. Most truths according to Dr. Opimian are about 2000 years old, and most laws of conduct are much older than that, and date back probably to those Dæmon Kings of Egypt to whose invention Monboddio ascribed the art of language. In his literary remarks he goes rather too much in awe of that young person of whom Dickens said that "there appeared to be no line of demarcation between her excessive innocence, and another person's guiltiest knowledge." He rails at modern novels in set terms. "There is nothing of the horrible, the wicked, the indecent, which their rank minds conceive, that they have any hesitation in writing down and publishing. A fearful mingling up of romance and abomination is the daily work of these writers." And he recommends his readers to return to Scott. We

should give the same advice to-day, though we should base it on the lower ground that Scott is amusing and modern novels pretty tough reading.

Our Table-talker is wroth with "Newsreading Drones." "Such is the perverseness of humanity, even at mature years, that men are more apt to spend their hours over that which is not worth reading than over that which is important and instructive. Those journalists who desire to do what is right must indeed take pains to put something worth reading into their columns; but if their object be merely to be read and talked about by the million, the most ordinary trash, if spiced with enough of impudence, will be abundantly sufficient for the purpose."

He is rough on "Educationallists." "Have they made more obedient children—more diligent and attached servants? Have they given to parents and to masters more just notions of their responsibilities? Alas! no. They have endeavored to impart 'useful knowledge,' 'the principles of property,' 'the elements of political economy,' and they have directed attention to the sublime mysteries of science! This will never do." He can't abide 'Arry. Bank holidays were not yet, so he paints the following lurid picture of him. "A frosty Sunday in the London Parks is a hideous and sickening sight. Ice seems to have a special attraction for the thoroughly vulgar. On comes the enormous mass, tramp, tramp, sans intermission, the whole day. Everything that one would wish to see kept trim and neat is wantonly crushed, battered, smashed, or ground into dust by the innumerable feet that come pounding along. And then such a horrid gabble—such utterance of slang, such swagger, such puffing of filthy tobacco smoke from those caves which seem the natural homes of what is nasty—namely the mouths of the tobacco-smokers; and then the over-

dressed young women too, with their horrid voices, and their cumbrous flirtations! It is too bad." He would rather, "with William Wordsworth, contemplate a quiet old beggar, by the wayside—so he were but quiet—than look on at any mob, well dressed or ill dressed."

He is much exercised by the growth of London. "Go where you will, east, west, north, south, this plague of building smites painfully upon the eye, and grieves the heart." "Modern improvement, and other maggots, have destroyed and removed about two-thirds of the trees in Kensington Gardens." "The Mall in St. James' Park, where ten or twelve years ago one might walk as in a solitude, listening to the robin-redbreast singing his very best in Carlton Gardens, is like a street." And he hated trains. "Transportation for life, or condemnation to poke their own steam-engine fires for seven years—a more grievous sentence—should be

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awarded to those who contrived that the G.W.R. should deform the once rural Harrow Road with iron and steam abominations."

In another place he speaks of "Locomotive engines, by which rich people are shot through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and poor people are killed at the rate of three or four per week.' Have we not heard something like this quite lately? Can we in 1905 confidently say "Nous avons changé tout cela"?

Well, it is a comfort to think that all ages are much alike, and we are grateful to the tabletalker. He helps us to keep the middle path between the indigestible optimism which welcomes every innovation, and thinks that man is more of a man when he calls mechanism to his aid, and the pessimism which believes that "man was created a little lower than the angels and has been steadily getting a little lower ever since."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The presence of Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Haldane and Mr. Birrell in the new Liberal cabinet gives it more than ordinary literary distinction.

In Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new serial story "Sir Nigel," the hero is Sir Nigel Loring, whose acquaintance many readers made with delight in "The White Company." The new story precedes the earlier, chronologically, having to do with Sir Nigel's energetic and chivalric youth.

There has been some rather complicated litigation between the Messrs. Macmillan, Dent, and Smith & Elder, over the question of the title to certain letters of Charles Lamb. The decision

was, in effect, that the copyright in letters published after the death of their author belongs in no way to the author's legal personal representatives, but solely to the owners for the time being of the actual MSS.

Mr. Murray has been entrusted with the publication of the life of the late Duke of Argyll, which has been edited by the Dowager Duchess. The first part consists of a full and carefully prepared autobiography. In this are recorded the Duke's early years, his surroundings and studies, especially in science and natural history. Succeeding to the title in 1847 he at once began to take an active part in politics, and in 1853 was admitted to Lord Aber-

deen's Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal; and the narrative gives the Duke's reminiscences of his colleagues and of others with whom he was brought in contact, and of what passed in the Cabinet both before and during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. With the Mutiny the autobiography, which was written in 1897 to 1900, ends; and the remainder of the life is derived from the Duke's diaries and from his correspondence with the leading personages of his time.

Two books opposing Professor Haecckel's "Riddle of the Universe" have been published in London, the first being Sir Oliver Lodge's "Life and Matter," and the second "Science and Religion, demonstrated by the Reconcilability of their Points of View," by Rudolph Otto, of the University of Göttingen, whose work forms a new volume in the Crown Theological Library. To the same series Messrs. Williams and Norgate are soon to add "The Evolution of Religion: An Anthropological Study," by Dr. L. R. Farnell, based on a series of lectures delivered at Oxford under the Hibbert Trust; and a translation of Professor von Soden's "History of Early Christian Literature," which deals specially with the books of the New Testament; and "Jesus," a study by Professor Wilhelm Bousset, of the University of Göttingen—one of the younger German scholars, whose work has not been seen in an English translation before.

Apropos of the renumbering of Wimple Street, London, The Academy recalls the personal associations connected with Nos. 50 and 67:

No. 50—marked with a tablet by the Society of Arts—was the home of Elizabeth Barrett. Here she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jameson, who was visiting some friends at No. 51, and, the acquaintance ripening into friendship, supplied translations from the

Odyssey for her "Xanthian Marbles." It was to No. 50 that Robert Browning came a-wooing, in spite of that singular father of Elizabeth's—"a man of strange eccentricity and selfishness who thought that the lives of all his children should be devoted exclusively to himself, and who forbade any of them to think of marriage"—and it was from the same house that Miss Barrett slipped out, in December 1846, to become the poet's wife, a few days later stealing away to join her husband on that Continental journey which was to give back life to one who had been looked upon as marked for an early grave. No 67—easily identified by another tablet—was the London residence of Henry Hallam, and it was here that he wrote his "Europe during the Middle Ages," and the "Constitutional History of England." Hither came Alfred Tennyson to meet Arthur Hallam, and made the street famous by his references to it in "In Memoriam."

The eighteenth volume of the reprints of "Early Western Travels" of which Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites is editor and the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland publishers, is devoted mainly to the "Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky," of his adventures between the years 1824 and 1830 upon an expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific coast. Pattie and his father were members of a daring party of frontiersmen who undertook to explore the little-known regions which lay between the Mississippi and the Pacific. They encountered perils not only from wild beasts and from Indians but from the Spaniards who were dominant in California and New Mexico. They experienced great hardships, and the elder Pattie died in a Spanish prison; but his son kept on undeterred and completed his travels with a futile journey to the city of Mexico in an effort to secure redress for the wrongs which he had suffered. An element of romance enters into the narrative by reason of his rescue of a Spanish

maiden from Indian captivity. The narrative is marked by naive simplicity and straightforwardness. It seems scarcely worth while to go far afield for stories of adventure when so stirring a narrative of veritable experiences as this is accessible.

It would be a good thing, as The Academy suggests, if the pending political campaign in England were to send readers to Anthony Trollope, to refresh their memories of "Planty Pall" and the other duke, His Grace of St. Bungay, Mr. Gresham, and Mr. Daubeneey, Lord Brock, Lord De Terrier, Mr. Monk, and above all Phineas Finn and his two sworn allies, Madame Max Goesler and Lady Glencora. Trollope himself declared that his politicians were portraits, not of living men, but of living political characters. These types reproduce themselves from generation to generation. "Planty Pall," who is in some ways an astonishing anticipation of the present Duke of Devonshire, was Trollope's own favorite, and it was very bitter to him that the critics failed to appreciate "The Prime Minister," in which he drew the full-length portrait of this statesman, whose rank, intellect, parliamentary experience, and intense patriotism, are combined with a degree of scrupulous sensitiveness which inevitably brings about his fall. "I think," says Trollope, "that Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium, is a perfect gentleman. If he be not, then I am unable to describe a gentleman"; and he goes on to say that Lady Glencora "is by no means a perfect lady; but if she be not all over a woman, then am I not able to describe a woman."

The Academy groups some interesting illustrations of the wonderful knowledge of sea manners and sea terms shown by Shakespeare, and that not only in *The Tempest*, but in other plays. In *The Comedy of Errors*, for example, we have "two ships from afar making amain to us." That is, commonly interpreted, "making for us as fast as possible." It is in reality a nautical phrase of the period, meaning to signal. Dromio speaks of going "aboard" which is far more seamanlike than "on board," Antipholus of Syracuse speaks of "the road," meaning the roadstead, and is more accurate than the average landsman, who speaks of Cowes Roads, or Yarmouth Roads. In *The Merchant of Venice*, the merchants speak of their business with a plenteous use of sea terms. One, in particular, is noteworthy. Salarino pictures his "wealthy Andrew docked in sand." Andrew was not the ship's name. It was (and indeed is) a slang term, used exclusively by seamen for a vessel armed to repel enemies. And in those days the method of docking a vessel was to get her as far up on the mud or sand as possible at high tide, and then surround her with strong wooden fencing to keep out the tide when it returned from the ebb. The melancholy Jaques too has one curiously noteworthy nautical simile. The fool's brain he likens to "the remainder biskit after a voyage." The use of this word "remainder" here is peculiar to the Navy, in describing stores on hand at the end of a voyage, and its use is especially strong evidence of Shakespeare's close acquaintance with sea life.